

MARCH

No. 8

10¢

SMASH COMICS



WINGS WENDALL

ESPIONAGE

ARCHIE OTOOLE

INVISIBLE HOOD

IN THIS ISSUE
HUGH HAZZARD
WITH SOZO THE ROBOT

ERIC CARTER, JOHN LAW,
WON CLOO, ABOUT THE ARAB,
CLIP CHANCE, PHILPOT VEEP,
CAPTAIN COOK, ETC.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

ESPIONAGE



STARRING
THE
BLACK X



ONCE MORE ARMIES TREAD THE BATTLE FIELDS OF 1917... LEAVING THEIR HOBNAILED FOOTPRINTS IN THE BLOOD OF THOSE WHO DIED TO KEEP THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY.

ONCE MORE, ALL EUROPE HEARS THE SOUND OF GUNS AS THE DEMOCRACIES FACE THE DICTATOR ARMIES.



BUT SO WELL PREPARED ARE THE COUNTRIES THAT THE ARMIES ARE STYMIED, AND THE BORDERS OF GERMANY BECOME A BARRIER OF SHELL FIRE.



THE SONS OF THE VETERANS OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR MEET ON THE MAGINOT LINE.



IT IS NIGHT, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY, IN A TINY TOWN NEAR THE FRONTIER, WHERE THE QUANT HOUSES QUIV-
VER, AS IN FEAR OF THE THUNDER OF THE HEAVY BATTERIES ON THE SIEGFREID LINE



THROUGH THE EMPTY DARK-
ENED STREETS, A TWISTED
FIGURE DARTS FRANTICALLY.
OCCASIONALLY, THE FLASH
OF AN EXPLODING SHELL
SENDS HIM TO COVER



AT THE FIRST LANDING, HE BANGS HYSTERICALLY ON AN APARTMENT DOOR



THE DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENED...



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE PURSUING SOLDIERS ENTER . .





ACROSS WAR-TORN EUROPE...
OVER THE WIRES ON NO
MAN'S LAND.



IN AMERICA...BLACK X'S
APARTMENT...BATU, HIS
FAITHFUL HINDU VALET,
ENTERS.

MASTER, STEVE
DORGAN
WISHES
TO SEE YOU..

STEVE?
THE OLD
NEWS-
HOUND?
SURE, I'LL
SEE HIM.



BLACK X YOU'VE GOT TO
GET GALE PAYSON
OUT OF GERMANY-
SHE'S IN GRAVE
DANGER!

BUT-
I CAN'T,
STEVE!



YOU'RE PRETTY
INFLUENTIAL
AT WASHINGTON!
SURELY YOU
CAN--

NOT IN
TIMES LIKE
THESE-
EXCUSE
ME, THE
PHONE



HELLO, X? THIS IS THE
CHIEF-I WANT YOU
ON THAT PAYSON
CASE--COME
HERE AT
ONCE--

RIGHT,
CHIEF?



WELL, STEVE, I
THINK I CAN
DO THAT FOR
YOU
AFTER
ALL!

THANKS
A MILLION, X.
LAST I HEARD
SHE WAS
IN
SOBLENZ



AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN THE CAPITAL.

X, IT'S A TOUGH JOB
THIS TIME--YOU'VE GOT
TO CROSS THE MAGINOT
AND SIEGFREID LINES,
AND YOU'VE GOT TO
DO IT ALONE!

OH-I-SEE--
HAVE OUR AGENTS
GIVEN YOU A
CLUE OF HER
WHEREABOUTS?



YES, HERE'S THE
ADDRESS, IF YOU'RE
CAPTURED, SWALLOW
IT...NOW, GOOD
LUCK!

BATU
AND I
WILL
FLY
OVER, SO OUR
NAMES WON'T
BE ON THE
PASSENGER
LIST!



NEXT MORNING FINDS THEM
WINGING OVER THE ATLANTIC



24 HOURS LATER, SOME-
WHERE IN FRANCE.

WELL, BATU, HERE'S
WHERE WE PART--
THOSE SOLDIERS
MARCHING TO THE
FRONT GIVE ME
AN IDEA..



REFUEL THE
PLANE AND HAVE
A FAST CAR AT
SAARBRUCKEN-
I'LL MEET YOU
THERE!

VERY
WELL,
MASTER.



IN THE COURTYARD OF A
PATROLLED SECTION OF THE
CITY...



THE GUARD CHANGES AND
X HAS HIS CHANCE



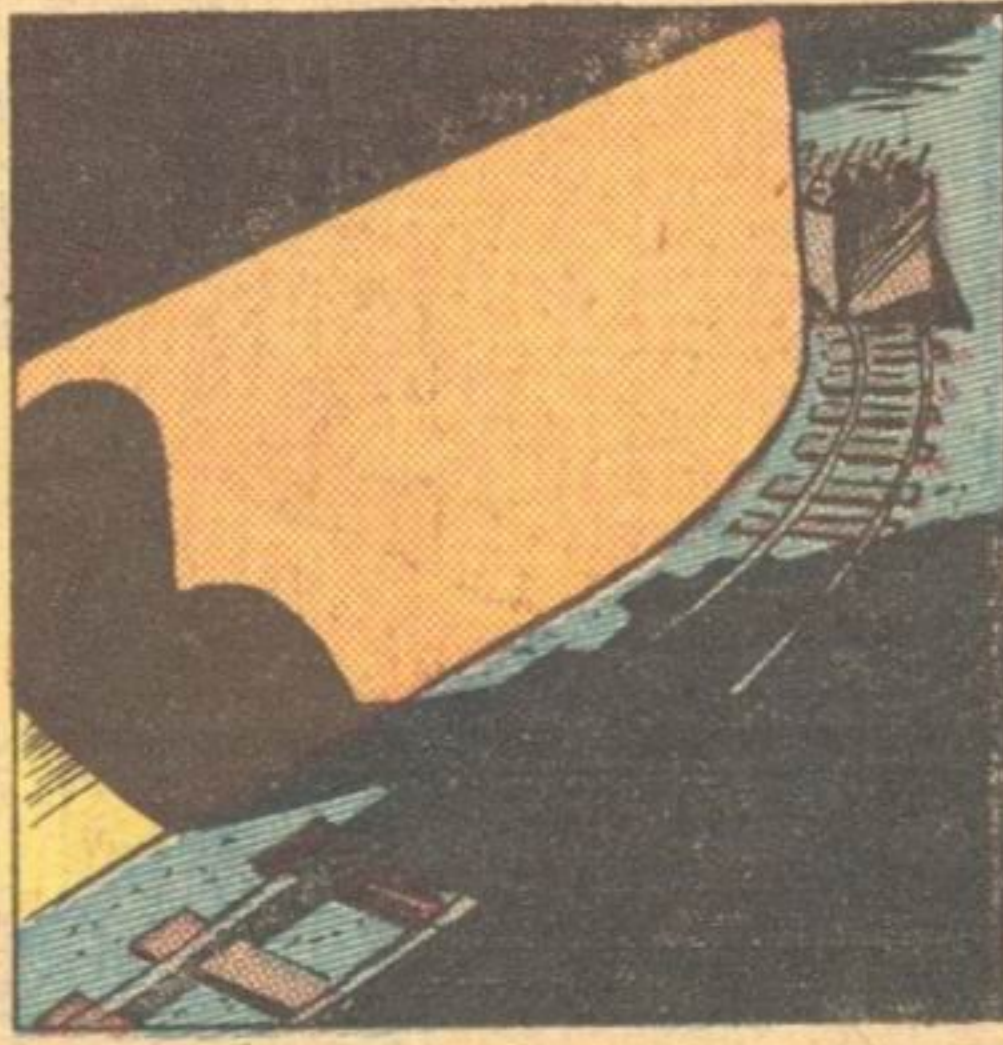
SORRY, PAL, I'VE GOT TO
BORROW YOUR UNIFORM
FOR A
WHILE!



A FEW HOURS LATER HE'S
ABOARD A TROOP TRAIN...
HEADING FOR THE FRONT..



AND DOWN UNDER, INTO THE
LABYRINTH OF THE FORMID-
ABLE MAGNOT LINE



THIS WAITING... WAITING,
I MUST GET ACROSS
THE LINES—
PERHAPS
IF I EDGE
OVER...



HOLD ON THERE, SOLDIER,
IT'S AGAINST ORDERS TO
WANDER ABOUT DOWN
HERE! SIT DOWN,
OR I'LL...

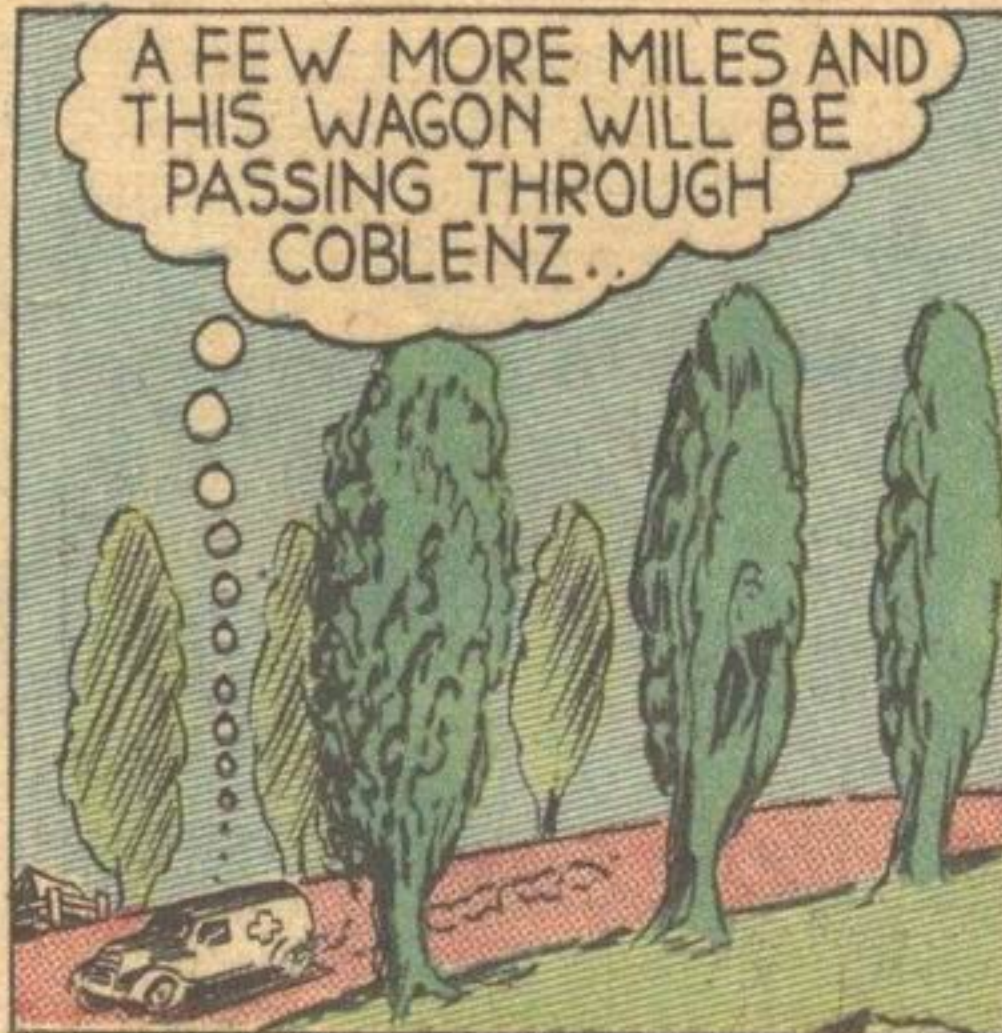


AT THAT MOMENT A CHARGE
IS SOUNDED, AND A BARRAGE
IS OPENED, COVERING AN
ALLIED ADVANCE



NOW-IF I CAN MAKE GERMANY
UNLESS A PIECE OF SHRAP-
NEL FINDS
ME FIRST!!







NOW, KEEP CLOSE TO ME... I'VE GOT TWO PASSPORTS THAT SHOULD GET US THROUGH!

LOOK, A GUARD IS COMING TOWARD US!



HM-THEY'RE IN ORDER, YOU MAY PASS!



SO FAR SO GOOD,-I SAY, MISS PAYSON, WHAT ARE THOSE PAPERS YOU HAVE?

THEY CONTAIN THE LIST OF AMERICAN TRADE ROUTES-AND THE LOCATION OF INDUSTRIAL PLANTS THAT CAN BE CONVERTED INTO MUNITION PLANTS.



WHEW! WHY EVERY COUNTRY IN THIS WAR WOULD LIKE A PEEK AT THAT LIST!

I KNOW, I FEEL LIKE I'M HOLDING DYNAMITE!

HALT!



YOU VILL HAF TO WAIT IN THE GUARD HOUSE-THERE ARE OTHERS GOING OVER THE BORDER TOO... YOU VILL GO MIT THEM!



BUT WE ARE AMERICAN TOURISTS! THERE IS NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE HELD HERE! LET ME SPEAK TO SOMEONE!



WHO DID YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO, MY OLD FRIEND?

OLD FRIEND! SORRY, LADY, I DON'T REMEMBER YOU..



NO? IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT ONE FORGETS MADAM DOOM! DON'T BE AFRAID TO REMEMBER ME... I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU, MY CLEVER FRIEND!



A PROPOSITION? YOU ARE WORKING FOR GERMANY, I PRESUME, MY DARK AND SINISTER BEAUTY!

OF COURSE!



WAR IS MY BUSINESS-I AM ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

GERMANY HAS BOUGHT A LOVELY SNAKE!



SNAKE, AM I?? WE SHALL SEE... GUARD, THESE AMERICANS ARE SPIES! SEIZE THEM!

GET READY-THAT'S THE CUE FOR ACTION!

AS THE GUARD APPROACHES,
BLACK X SWINGS FIERCELY...



A STUNNING BLOW SENDS
THE GUARD REELING...



NO YOU
DON'T! I'LL
TAKE THAT
GUN!



HURRY! GET INTO
THE CAR, WE WILL
HAVE TO TAKE
A CHANCE!

YOU WILL
NOT GET
AWAY SO
EASILY!



TOO BAD WE HAVE TO PART
LIKE THIS, MADAM DOOM!
I'M TAKING YOUR PAL
WITH ME!



PASSING THE GUARD HOUSE,
THE THREE SPEED ACROSS
DANGEROUS OPEN COUNTRY.



ZIG-ZAGGING ACROSS
SCARRED FIELDS, THE CAR
HEADS FOR THE FRENCH
LINES.



LOOK OUT-
SHRAPNEL!

OOOH

THAT LAST SHELL GOT
HIM, POOR FELLOW-KEEP
DOWN, I'LL TAKE
THE WHEEL!



WE'RE ON
FRENCH
TERRITORY
NOW!

GET READY
TO LEAP!



ON THE MAGINOT LINE, A
FRENCH SOLDIER MISTAKES
THEM FOR ENEMIES...

THERE'S A GERMAN
SOLDIER IN THAT
CAR!



A LEAP IN
TIME SAVED
US ANYWAY!



THEY REACH A WOODED GROVE WHERE FAITHFUL BATU AWAITS...



BATU!

HAVE CAR, MASTER, AS ARRANGED.

BATU, THIS IS MISS GALE PAYSON.

BUT, NO-I'M MRS. BLACK X!

YOU HAVE WEDDED, MASTER?



LOOK HERE, -I-ER- THAT IS - I SAID OUR MARRIAGE WAS MERELY A PRETENSE!!

YES... OH-WELL --BUT I WOULDN'T IN THE LEAST MIND IF IT WERE REALLY SO!



THAT NIGHT AT A CONCEALED FIELD, OUR FRIENDS APPEAR...



LOOK, A FRENCH SOLDIER HAS FOUND THE PLANE.

WE MUST GET IT WITHOUT SHOOTING.



PERMIT ME, MASTER...

WITH HIS MAGICAL POWERS, BATU PROJECTS A VISIONARY FIGURE AND SENDS IT ACROSS THE FIELD.



HA! SO YOU COME FOR YOUR PLANE--COME WITH ME, SPY!

BELIEVING THE FIGURE REAL, THE SOLDIER LEADS THE VISION AWAY, WHILE BLACK X QUICKLY TURNS OVER THE MOTOR



HALT!



WE HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC SAFELY, MASTER.

GOOD, BATU, FOR IF WE'RE CAUGHT BY EITHER THE FRENCH OR ENGLISH WE'D BE SHOT--THEY WANT THOSE PAPERS TOO!

BUT, YOU COULD ALWAYS SAY I'M YOUR WIFE!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN X'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



WELL, X--WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR NARROWEST ESCAPE?

WELL, I ESCAPED THE GERMAN SECRET POLICE--SHELLS--FRENCH GUNNERS, BUT ESCAPING THAT PRETENSE MARRIAGE WAS THE MOST HARROWING, I THINK!



BUT SERIOUSLY--THAT TRIP TAUGHT ME THE REAL VALUE OF PEACE...IF THOSE WHO THINK WAR IS GLORIOUS COULD SEE THE BATTLE-FIELD JUST ONCE, THEY WOULD QUICKLY CHANGE THEIR IDEAS!



PHILPOT WEEP

in an
eerie episode of
SIGNS AND SHADOWS

SPEAK UP,
MAN-WHAT'S
YOUR TROUBLE

I'M WEAK
AS A CAT!
ALL IN!

QUICK, WALDO! HOT
COFFEE FOR THIS
CONFUSED CLIENT!

JUST
COFFEE?

I'M A VICTIM OF THREATS!
AWFUL THREATS! A
TERRIBLE FATE HANGS
OVER ME!

AND I DON'T
KNOW WHAT IT
IS OR WHO THE
ENEMIES **ARE!**

FIRST,
SIR, YOUR
OCCUPATION?
?

JUST A
HUMBLE
GROCER!
I NEVER
HARMED
A SOUL!

AND -THESE
THREATS,
MAN-WHAT
ARE THEY?

WELL, THREE DAYS
AGO I FOUND THIS
PLACARD STUCK
UNDER MY DOOR..

MMMM..

YOU HAVE
3
MORE
DAYS

YESTERDAY AND AGAIN
THIS MORNING! IT LOOKS
LIKE MY DOOM HAS BEEN
SET FOR **TOMORROW--**
AND **THAT** ISN'T ALL...

1
MORE
DAY
AND
THEN...

...LAST NIGHT A DREADFUL
APPARITION IN MY
BEDROOM! A HUGE
MENACING SHADOW
THAT VANISHED WHEN
I TURNED THE LIGHT ON!

WALDO -
OUR COATS

HERE'S MY
HUMBLE ABODE,
SIR - WILL YOU
STAY WITH ME
TONIGHT?

HAVE NO FEAR
WE'LL HIDE IN
YOUR BEDROOM
CLOSET AND
WATCH!

NOW-
LET'S
PUT OUT
THE
LIGHTS...

M-MUST
WE-SIR?

GOOD
GRIEF!
LOOK,
PHILPOT!

TURN
ON THE
LIGHTS!

OH-
THERE
IT IS!



CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

By SCOTT
SHERIDAN

CLIP-I HEAR
COACH BARR
WON'T BE ON
THE BENCH
FOR THE
HOCKEY GAME
AGAINST HALE
TOMORROW-

NO, BOB-BUT
TRAINER HUNT
KNOWS HIS
HOCKEY PRETTY
GOOD - WELL,
HERE'S
WHERE I
TURN OFF-



ARE YOU
COMING UP
TO THE ROOM
FOR A
WHILE?

NO, CLIP-I
WANT TO CHANGE
THE BANDAGE
ON MY ARM
AND GO TO
BED EARLY-
GOOD NIGHT-

AND UNKNOWN TO BOB DUNN,
TWO MEN AWAIT HIS APPROACH-

HERE HE
IS NOW -
GET HIM -!



A HALF HOUR LATER-

SLICK-WITH YOU PLAYIN'
IN DUNN'S PLACE WE'LL
CLEAN UP ON
THIS GAME -!

DO I
LOOK
LIKE
HIM?



HIS OWN
MOTHER
COULDN'T
TELL
YOU
APART -

YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS -!

SHUT
UP, YOU -
OR I'LL---



LAY OFF, SLICK- GET UP
TO TH' COLLEGE AN' TAKE
DUNN'S PLACE -- AN'
TOMORROW SLIP THIS "PECAC"
IN TH' DRINKIN'
WATER -!



-IT'LL MAKE TH' SUBSTITUTES
SICK, AN' THEN IF THEY GET
WISE TO YOU, THEY WON'T
HAVE NO ONE TO PUT IN YOUR
PLACE-AN' WE
CAN STILL
WIN ON A
FORFEIT-!

BOSS, YOU
THINK OF
EVERYTHING-!

THE NEXT DAY-AND THE GAME IS ON-!

WHAT TH'-- DUNN DELIBERATELY
PASSED THAT ONE TO A HALE MAN-
HART-GO IN FOR
DUNN-!



HART!- SAY-WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
YOU FELLOWS--?
YOU LOOK
SICK--!



WE ARE--
OH--!!

GET THESE BOYS TO A DOCTOR, QUICK--!



LOOK--ANOTHER DELIBERATE PASS--!

YOU BETTER FORFEIT THIS GAME-- WE CAN'T PLAY WITH ONLY SIX MEN--



FORFEIT!-- THOSE BOYS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT WORD--!

AGAIN SLICK MISSES A SIMPLE, SURE SHOT--



I-I MISSED UP ON THAT ONE, CLIP--

FORGET IT, BOB--WE ALL MISS UP ONCE IN AWHILE--!



THE PUCK IS RETRIEVED BY A HALE MAN, WHO DASHES FOR CLIFFSIDE'S GOAL----

AND THE DISC IS WORKED ALMOST TO THE CLIFFSIDE NET--



COVER ME, JOE--!

OKAY--

BUT CLIP TURNS SHORT AND STEALS THE RUBBER--



--AND PASSES IT TO A TEAM-MATE WHO RELAYS IT TO "DUNN"----



GET READY, BOB--!



SAY--DID YOU SEE WHAT DUNN DID THEN?

SURE--HE PURPOSELY HELD HIS STICK, SO THAT THE PUCK CAROMED TO JONES, THE HALE WING--!



MAKE THIS ONE COUNT, JONES--!

AND WILSON SINKS THE DISC TO PUT HALE IN THE LEAD, 1 TO 0... AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS ENDING THE HALF ---

I BETTER PUT ON AN "ACT" TO MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD -



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, DUNN?

I DON'T KNOW--MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE ME OUT OF THE GAME ---



I CAN'T- ALL THE BOYS ARE SICK- JUST GET HOLD OF YOURSELF-- NOW GO OUT THERE AND SHOW SOME FIGHT- ALL OF YOU--!



CLIP GETS THE PUCK FROM CENTER AND FLASHES DOWN THE ICE --

FUNNY- BOB GOT SOME GOOD WHACKS ON THAT ARM AND HASN'T MENTIONED IT-- I WONDER--



-IF THAT IS DUNN- HERE HE COMES --



CHANCE- LET ME TAKE IT, AND GET READY FOR THE "TWELVE" PLAY--!



CLIP FEIGNS A SLIP, SENDING SLICK DOWN, PURPOSELY TEARING HIS JERSEY AT THE SHOULDER WITH HIS SKATE --

UHM-- NO BANDAGE--!



FOR THE MOMENT, CLIP FORGETS DUNN, AND DRAWS THE HALE GOALIE TO ONE SIDE AND THEN PASSES TO MARESCA, WHO DRIVES THE DISC HOME, TIEING THE SCORE --



IT'S IN--!

AND ON THE NEXT PLAY-- WHAT TH'?? -- IT LOOKS LIKE DUNN IS OUT TO GET CLIP-- HE IS --!





PATCHED UP, CLIP RESUMES PLAY--



WITH 40 SECONDS TO PLAY, CLIFFSIDE STARTS THE RUBBER DOWN THE ICE, USING PLAY NUMBER THREE----



"THREE" PLAY REQUIRES PLAY BY SIX MEN----



BUT "DUNN" IS COMPLETELY IGNORED--



SNAPPY PASSING PUSHES THE DISC THROUGH, AND CLIFFSIDE WINS, 2 TO 1 AS THE GAME ENDS--



I'M POSITIVE THAT ISN'T THE REAL BOB DUNN--!!



AND THE TEAMS GATHER TO CHEER----



NOW, YOU IMPOSTER-- WHERE'S BOB DUNN?--



HE'S HELD IN OUR ROOM--TH' BOSS GOT THE IDEA TO KIDNAP HIM 'CAUSE I LOOKED LIKE HIM--AN' WITH ME TAKIN' DUNN'S PLACE AN' HELPIN' HALE, WE COULD CLEAN UP BETTIN' ON HALE TO WIN--AN'-- YOU KNOW TH' REST--!



ABDUL THE ARAB

ABDUL, SON OF ALI BEY, IS CALLED TO THE OFFICE OF STANLEY RICE, PRESIDENT OF THE ARABEC OIL CO. --- TO HELP SOLVE AN OIL MYSTERY ---

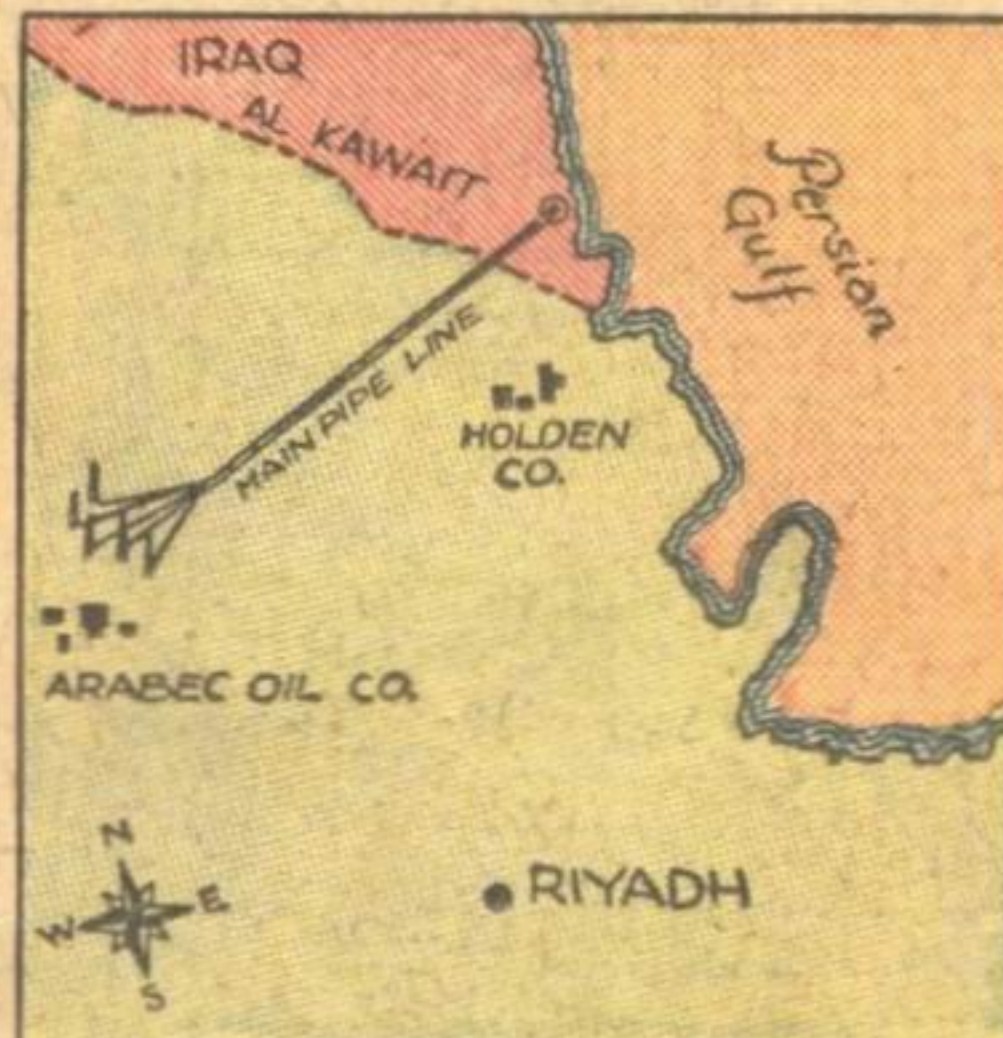
WE KNOW THE OIL IS BEING STOLEN, BUT WE CANNOT FIND OUT HOW THEY GET IT--

IS THE QUANTITY GREAT, MR. RICE?

YES, OUR METER READINGS SHOW A LOSS OF 5,000 GALLONS A DAY--

MAY I SEE A MAP OF THE PIPE SYSTEM, SIR?

YES--AND WE'VE CHECKED FOR LEAKAGE AND EVERYTHING ELSE WE COULD THINK OF-- HERE IT IS---



ARE THERE ANY OTHER OIL MERCHANTS AROUND HERE, MR. RICE?

YES--A CHAP BY THE NAME OF HOLDEN, BUT HE IMPORTS HIS OIL FROM ACROSS THE GULF--

--AND THEN IT'S CARRIED BY CARAVAN TO HIS CAMP, ABOUT 25 MILES FROM HERE--

CARAVAN, MR. RICE??

YES--

I THINK I CAN HELP YOU--

GOOD--

OH, YES-- AND KEEP AN EXACT RECORD OF YOUR METER READINGS FOR TONIGHT-- GOOD BYE--

OUTSIDE, ABDUL JOINS HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, HASSAN--

TO OUR HORSES, HASSAN-- THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE--!

HASSAN-DID YOU EVER SEE A CARAVAN THAT LOOKED LIKE IT PACKED OIL?

NO, ABDUL-



NEITHER HAVE I-SO WE WILL VISIT MR. HOLDEN!



THAT'S HIS CAMP-WAIT HERE, I WILL GO IN ALONE-



MR. HOLDEN?

YES-WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



I'D LIKE TO BUY 15,000 GALLONS OF OIL-HOW SOON COULD I HAVE IT?

RIGHT NOW I HAVEN'T A DRUM IN STOCK-WOULD THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT BE ALL RIGHT?



YES-DELIVER IT TO THIS ADDRESS--THE MONEY WILL BE THERE-GOOD NIGHT!



WELL, HASSAN-WE MAY AS WELL GO TO OUR TENTS-WE CAN DO NOTHING MORE THIS NIGHT-



THE NEXT EVENING--

ABDUL, I'LL BE RUINED IN A MONTH IF THIS KEEPS UP--

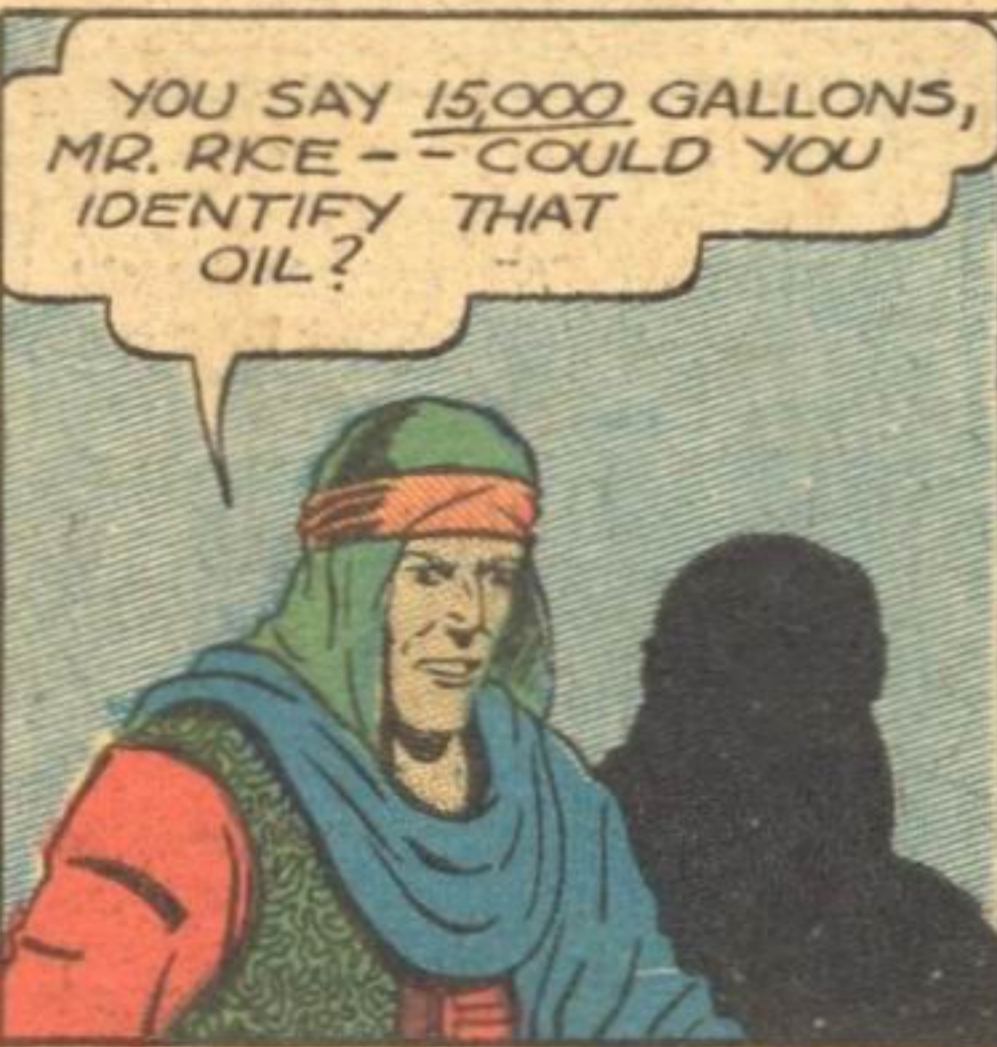
WHY, SIR??



BECAUSE LAST NIGHT'S METER READINGS SHOW A LOSS OF 15,000 GALLONS--!!



YOU SAY 15,000 GALLONS, MR. RICE--COULD YOU IDENTIFY THAT OIL?

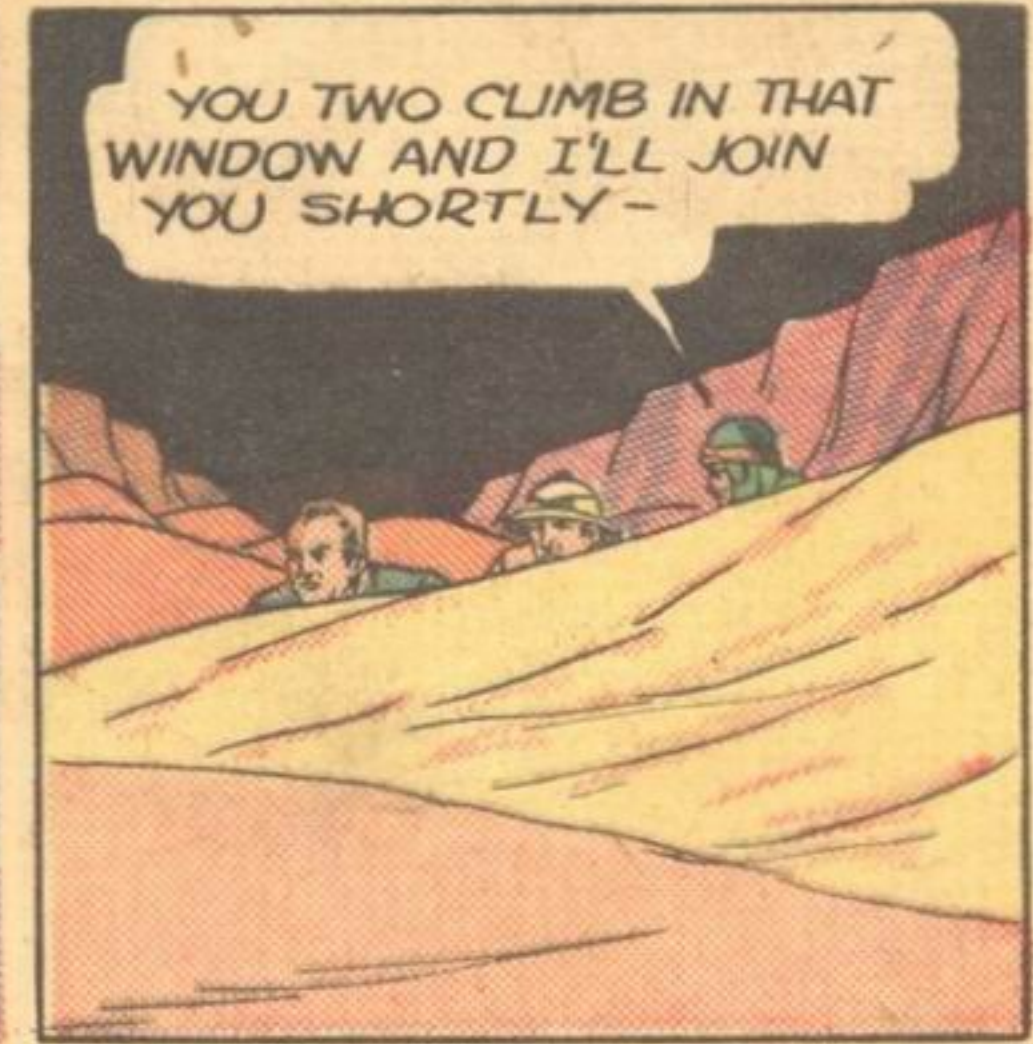


NO-IT'S NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER OIL IN THIS SECTION-WHY?



I THINK I'VE FOUND THE THIEF, BUT SINCE YOU CAN'T PROVE IT'S YOUR OIL, WE'LL NEED FURTHER EVIDENCE AGAINST MR. HOLDEN-AND I HAVE A PLAN TO GET IT-!







BOSS-THERE'S NO OIL COMIN' THROUGH OUR LINE--!

DON'T GET EXCITED - IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE--



-RICE PROBABLY HAD TO SHUT DOWN FOR REPAIRS-

THAT'S ALL WE NEED HEAR, SERGEANT-ARREST HOLDEN--!!



HOLDEN, I ARREST YOU FOR THE THEFT OF THE ARABEC COMPANY'S OIL--!

WH--- OH?-- OH--!



CAN YOU PROVE IT?

YES - IN ONE MOMENT-

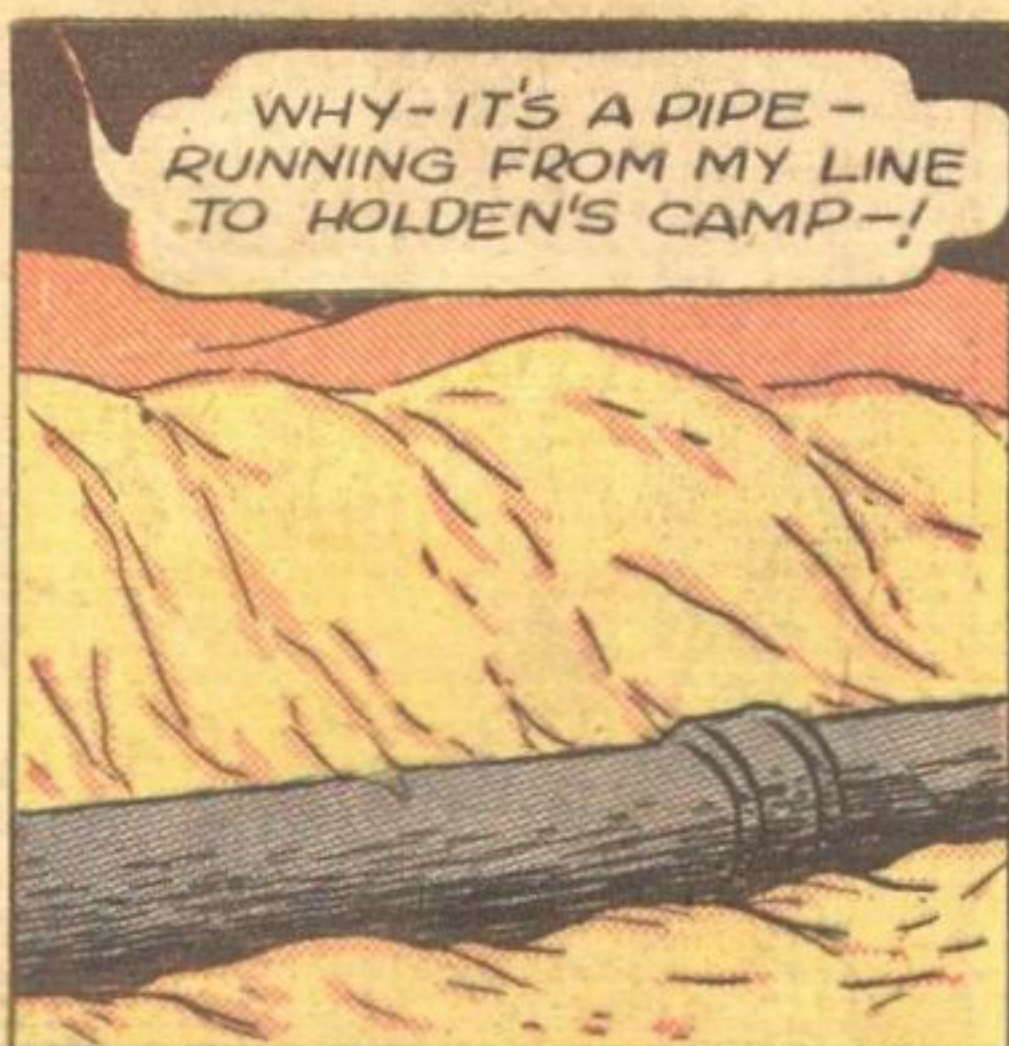


YOOOOOW-- HASSAN--!



TELL MR. HOLDEN WHAT YOU FOUND-

TELL HIM-? I SHOW MR. RICE--! COME--



WHY-IT'S A PIPE - RUNNING FROM MY LINE TO HOLDEN'S CAMP--!



HOW DID YOU FIND THAT?

EASILY-- YOU SEE, I NEVER REMEMBER SEEING A CARAVAN CARRYING OIL-SO I STARTED LOOKING FOR PIPES-



I HAD HASSAN FIND THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN HERE AND THE ARABEC PIPE LINES AND THEN HE STARTED DIGGING- THE REST YOU KNOW -



LOOK - HE'S ESCAPING!--



NO HE ISN'T--!



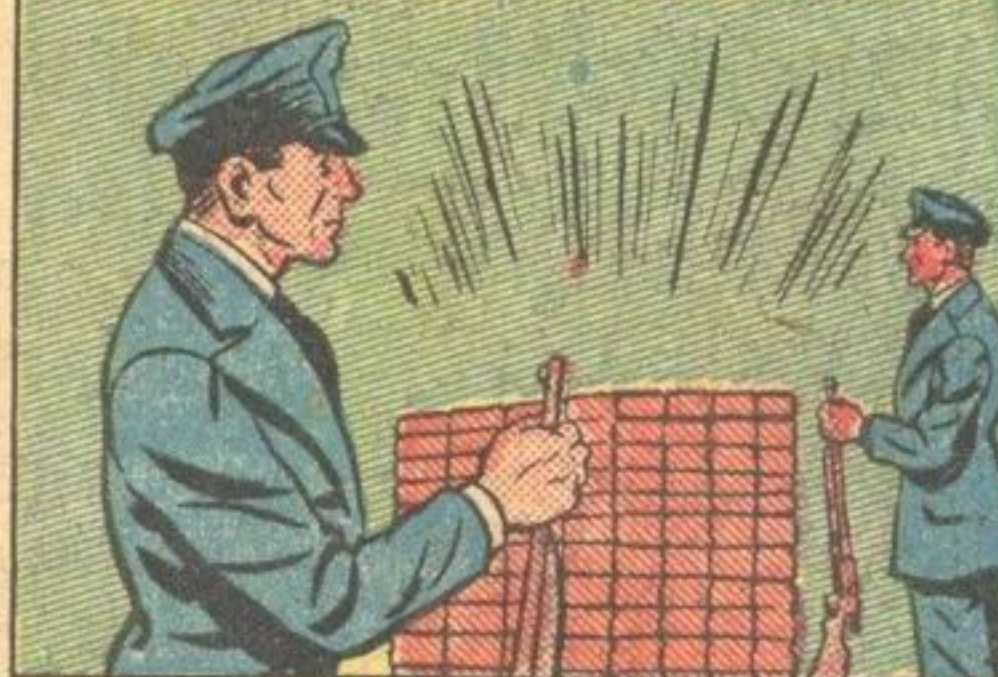
ABDUL -I'M INDEBTED TO YOU--!

THANK YOU, MR. RICE- AND NOW HASSAN AND I WILL BE OFF--

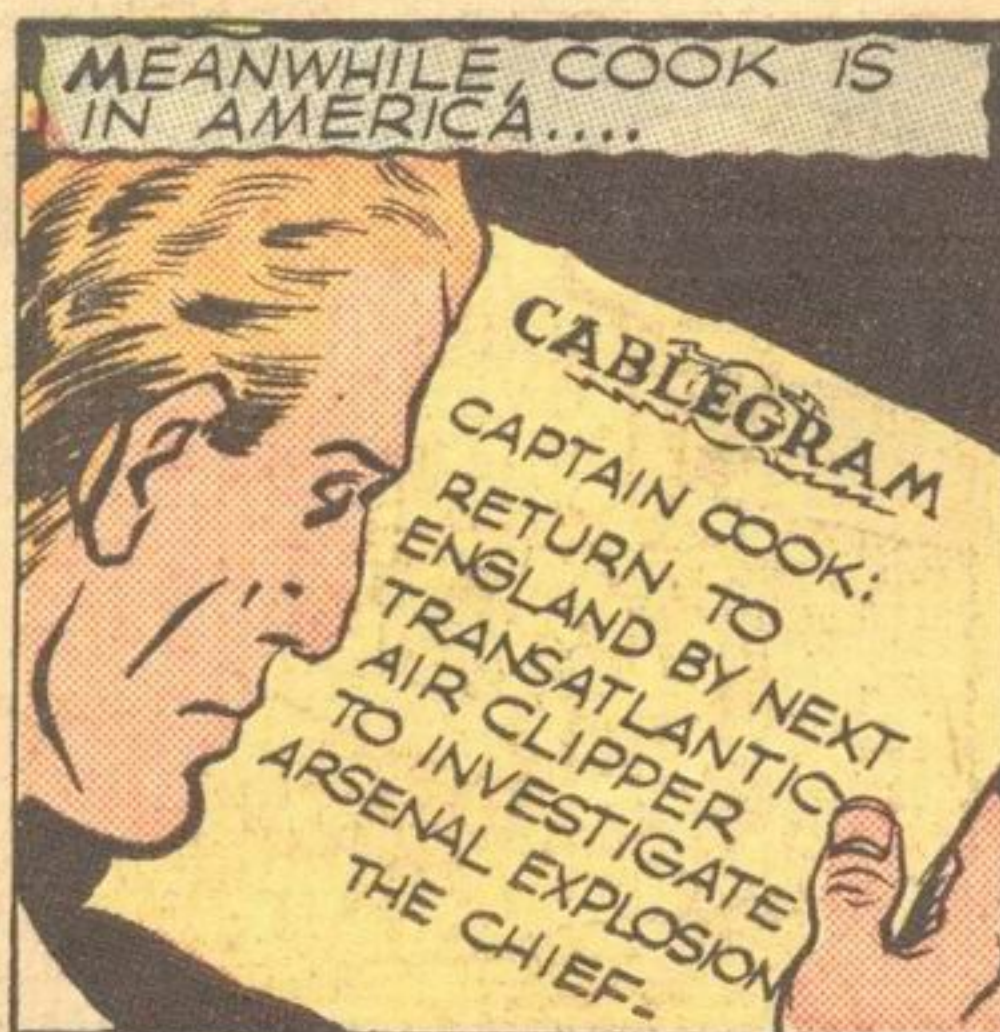
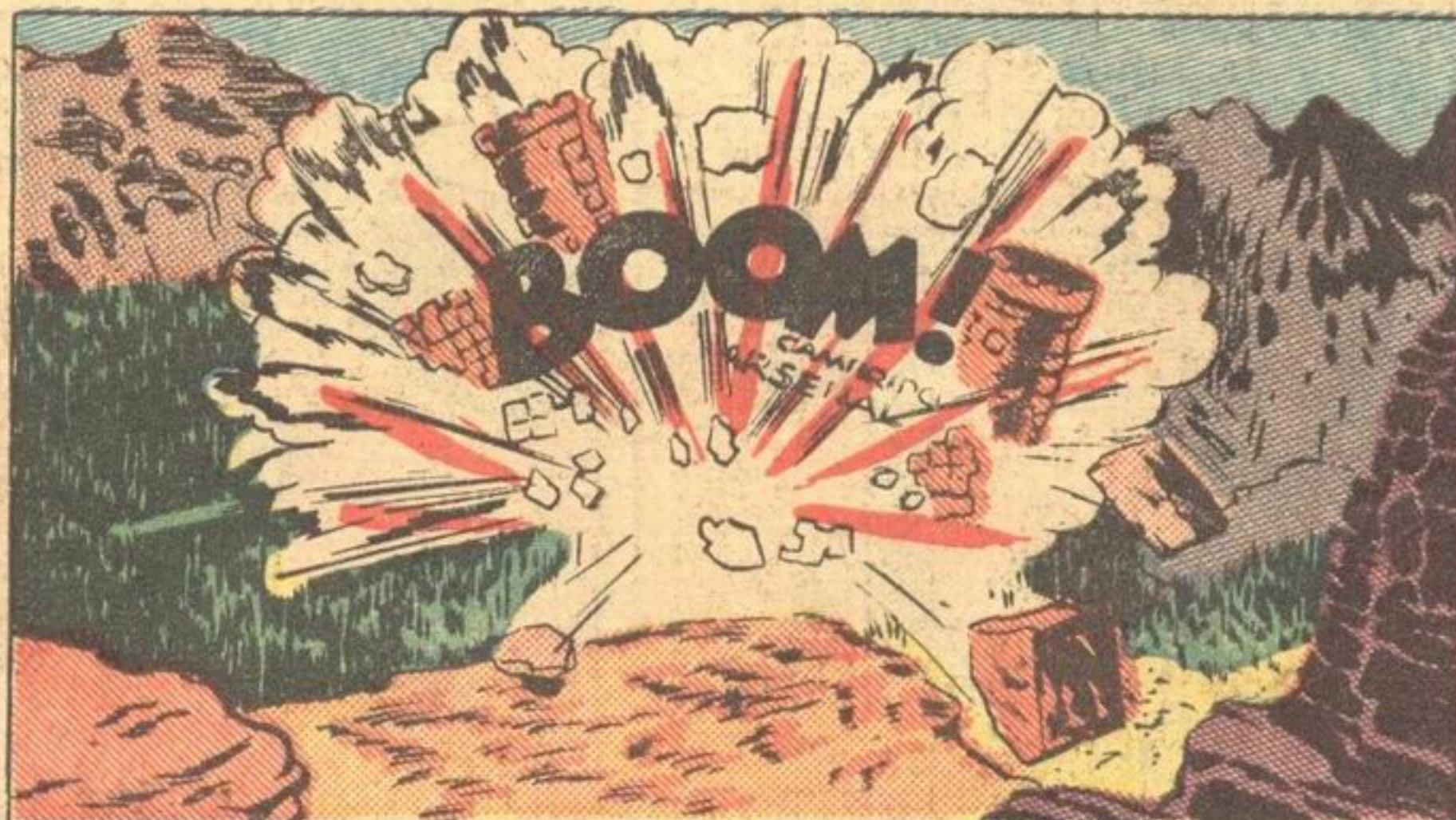
CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BULLION..
OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE CAMBRIDGE ARSENAL, IN THE HILLS JUST OUTSIDE LONDON...

A SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION HAS BEEN STORED FOR A PERIOD OF MONTHS IN THE ARSENAL...A SQUAD OF 10 MEN GUARD IT...5 BY DAY...5 BY NIGHT.



20,000 TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES ARE KEPT IN THE ARSENAL... SUDDENLY, ONE EVENING AT 6 P.M. A HALF MILE FROM THE ARSENAL, A HAND SETS OFF A DYNAMITE CHARGER...







MAY I
COME IN
'TILL THIS
STORM
BLOWS
OVER?

YES -
CERTAINLY..



MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME..PA'S
IN THE
PARLOR..

THANK
YOU!



WOULD YOU
CARE TO
HAVE SUPPER
WITH US,
MR. ER...

COOK IS MY
NAME-YES,
I'D BE
DELIGHTED!



THIS HOME
COOKED
MEAL IS
A RARE
TREAT!

THIS STORM IS
BAD, MR. COOK--
WOULD YOU CARE
TO STAY OVER-
NIGHT?



COOK ACCEPTS THE INVITATION
TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE
FARMHOUSE....

...AND
THIS IS
YOUR
ROOM..



THAT'S QUEER--
HE LOCKED THE DOOR
AS HE LEFT--



I MAY BE WRONG, BUT
THAT LOOKS STRANGELY
LIKE A HUMAN FIGURE
ON THE BED
OPPOSITE MINE!



CAESAR'S GHOST!!
IT'S INSPECTOR
NEVIN-- AND
HE'S
DEAD!!



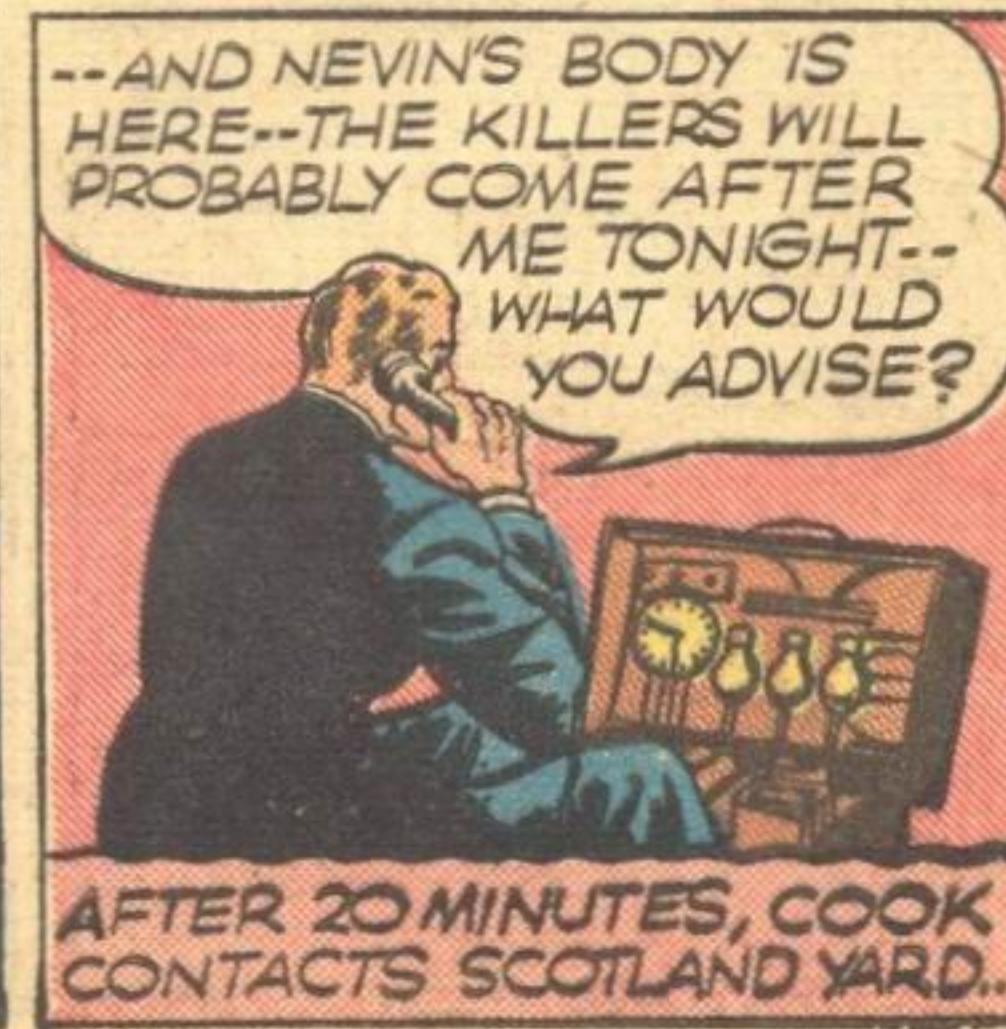
BUT, THAT OLD LADY
AND MAN--THEY COULDN'T
BE RESPONSIBLE FOR
THIS! THEY'RE PROBABLY
HOSTAGES FOR
THE REAL
KILLERS!



--AND THEY'LL BE AFTER
ME! EVERY WINDOW IS
PROBABLY GUARDED--AND
DASH IT!--I LEFT
MY GUN
IN THE
CAR!



--LUCKY I BROUGHT MY
TWO-WAY SHORT WAVE
RADIO INDOORS!
MAYBE I CAN
GET IN
TOUCH WITH
THE CHIEF!



--AND NEVIN'S BODY IS
HERE--THE KILLERS WILL
PROBABLY COME AFTER
ME TONIGHT--
WHAT WOULD
YOU ADVISE?

AFTER 20 MINUTES, COOK
CONTACTS SCOTLAND YARD..



SPORTRAVITS

HE SAYS HE'S SO TIRED FROM GETTING THE SLED READY FOR THE RACE THAT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ENTER IT!

?



"BUCKY" WELLS

THE DARING BOB-SLED DRIVER, WHO HOLDS THE MILE RECORD FOR THE LAKE PLACID COURSE!
(1 MIN. 5 AND $\frac{83}{100}$ SEC.)

BUCKY SPENDS THREE HOURS BEFORE EACH RACE SMOOTHING DOWN ALL THE NICKS ON THE RUNNERS AND GETTING THE SLED IN SHIP-SHAPE!

-GILL FOX-

BUT, WE COULDN'T AFFORD A BOB-SLED THIS YEAR, JUDGE!



THE SLED USED BY BUCKY'S TEAM COST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

IF YA ASK ME, WE'RE OVER DOING THIS TEAM WORK IDEA!



BOBSLEDDING TECHNIQUE MEANS PERFECT TEAM WORK BETWEEN DRIVER AND CREW... BUCKY'S TEAM HAS PERFECT COORDINATION.



HEY!-THE SLED MADE THAT LAST TURN ALL RIGHT...BUT WE DIDN'T!



WELLS IS NOTED FOR HIS EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY IN TAKING THE CURVES!

Hugh Hazzard
and his

IRON MAN

by
WAYNE REID.

EXTRA DAILY

**PRESIDENT PROCLAIMS
STRICT NEUTRALITY.**

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
WILL THIS COUNTRY BE
DRAWN INTO WAR.

HITLIN AND BATZI GOVERNMENT
MOVE IN ON NEUTRAL KATAVIA.

-- AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER
THIS PROCLAMATION,
THE WHEELS OF
THE BATZI SPY
SYSTEM
BEGIN TO
TURN --



SABOTAGE!

ON LAND --

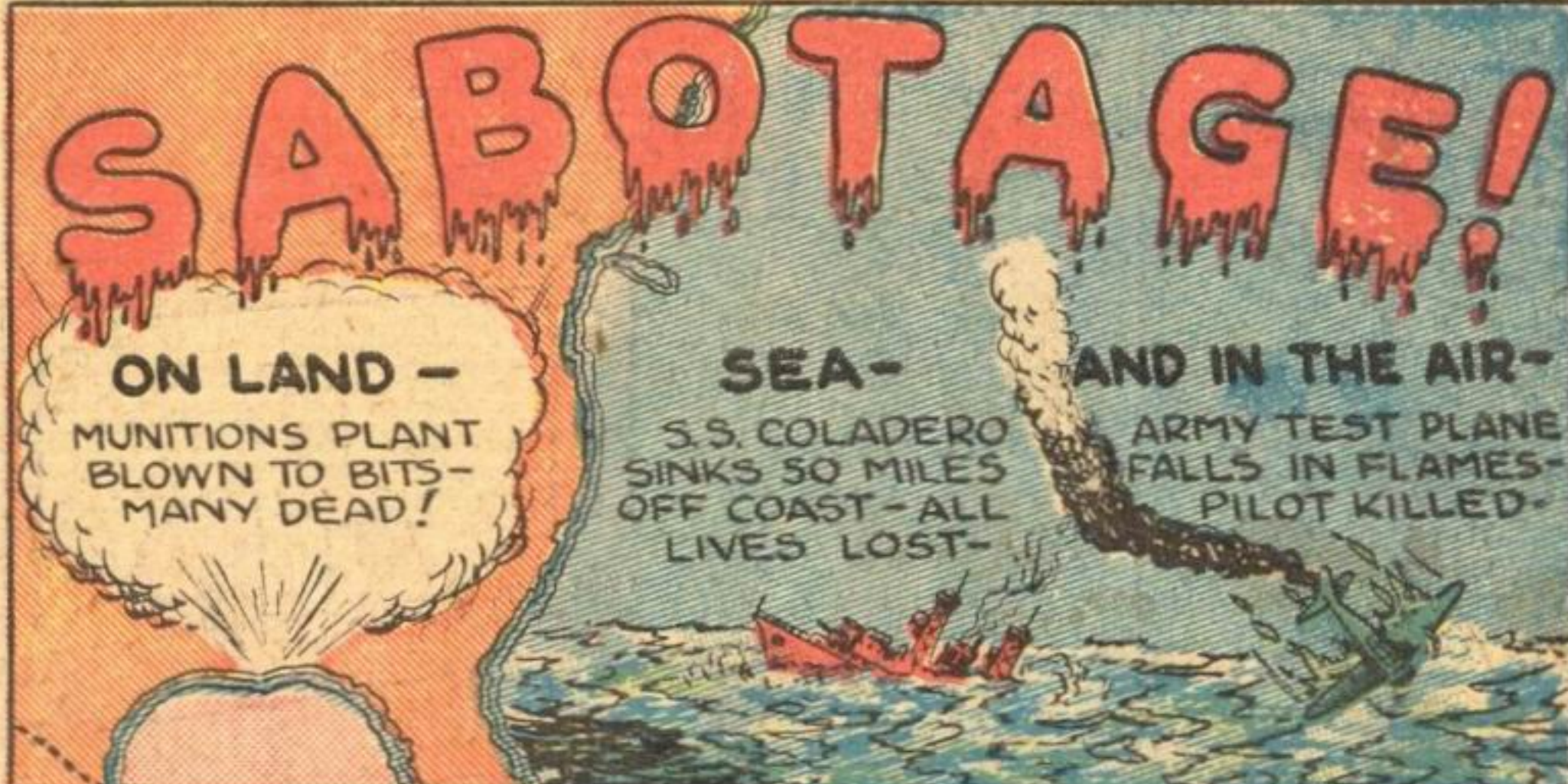
MUNITIONS PLANT
BLOWN TO BITS--
MANY DEAD!

SEA--

S.S. COLADERO
SINKS 50 MILES
OFF COAST--ALL
LIVES LOST--

AND IN THE AIR--

ARMY TEST PLANE
FALLS IN FLAMES--
PILOT KILLED--



IN THE NEW YORK HEAD-
QUARTERS OF THE BATZI
SPY CHIEF, ADOLF ZHUN--

FRITZ--I THINK WHAT OUR
MEN JUST DID WILL **FORCE**
AMERICA INTO OUR WAR--!



--YOU SEE, BY WEAKENING
HER WITHIN, AND HER TROOPS
ABROAD--OUR ARMIES CAN
EASILY STEP IN AND TAKE
POSSESSION OF THESE
RICH
LANDS --



THEN WE
DOMINATE
THE
WORLD--

ADOLF!--
COME QUICK--
THE RADIO--
LISTEN
TO IT--!



ATTENTION ALL
GOVERNMENT AGENTS!
YOU ARE DETAILED TO TRACK
DOWN ALL ACTS OF SABOTAGE,
REPORT TO YOUR
NEAREST FIELD
OFFICE--



I DID NOT
EXPECT THIS MOVE
SO SOON-- WARN
OUR MEN BY
SHORT WAVE
RADIO--



AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE
HOME OF HUGH HAZZARD--

HMM--THOSE BATZIS WORK
FAST--WORK FAST--
THAT'S IT--!



BY NOW THEY ARE PROBABLY WARNING THEIR MEN BY SHORT WAVE-- MAYBE I CAN PICK IT UP--



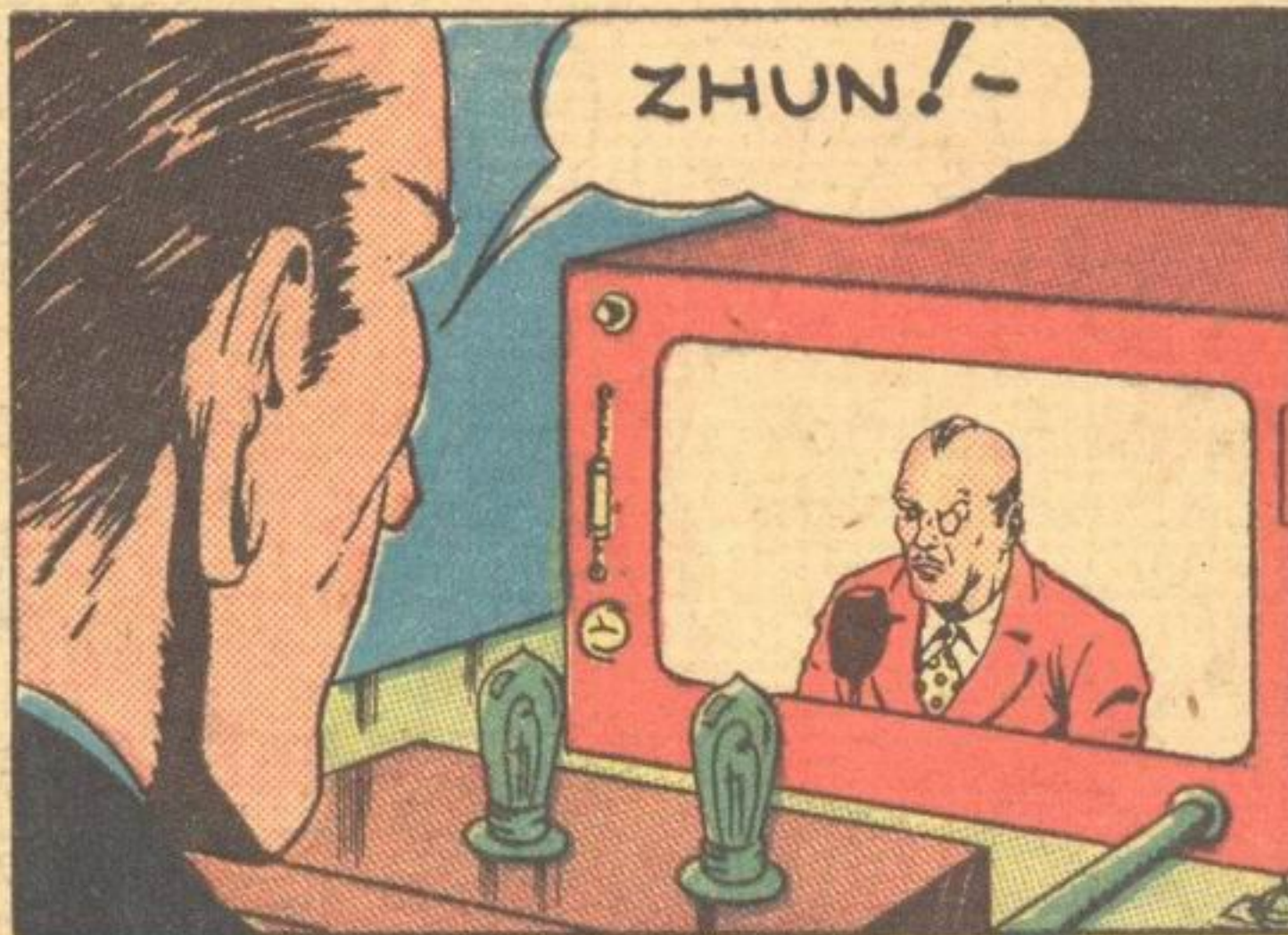
CODE--!!

OGY HAB SOO-VEET YA BLATZ-

I'LL SWITCH IT ON TO THE TELERADIO--IF I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE CODE-I CAN AT LEAST SEE WHO'S SENDING IT--



AND BY MEANS OF A SUPER-SEPER ICONOSCOPE, CONNECTED TO THE TELERADIO, THE PICTURE IS SEPARATED FROM THE VOICE-



ZHUN!-

ADOLF ZHUN--THE LEADER OF THE BATZI TRIBE HERE IN AMERICA--!



IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HE'S BEHIND THIS SPY RING-



IF THAT'S SO, HE AND HIS MEN WILL LAY LOW FOR AWHILE-



-AND THE BIG JOB IS TO FIND THEM BEFORE THEY DO ANY MORE DAMAGE---I'VE GOT IT---



I'LL START FROM THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN KRAUTVILLE--



BOZO--WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO-- LET'S GO--!



AND HUGH, INSIDE THE IRON MAN, TAKES A MIGHTY LEAP TOWARD KRAUTVILLE---



THERE'S THE PLACE--!

GOING INTO A DIVE, THE IRON MAN PLOUGHS INTO THE EARTH--

--AND COMES UP THROUGH THE CELLER FLOOR--

THIS BEATS KNOCKING AT DOORS -- NOW TO TAP THE TELEPHONE WIRES--!

THAT'S DONE--- NOW, TO SEE IF I CAN FIND SOMEONE AND SCARE THE WITS OUT OF HIM--

ONCE MORE, HUGH IS INSIDE THE ROBOT---

AH--THERE'S A FELLOW--I'LL TRY HIM--

GRRAAAHHH--!

YEEAAA--! D-DON'T-- DON'T COME NEAR ME--WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?

I'VE COME TO KILL ZHUN AND THE REST OF YOU-- WHERE IS HE?

I-I DON'T KNOW--!!

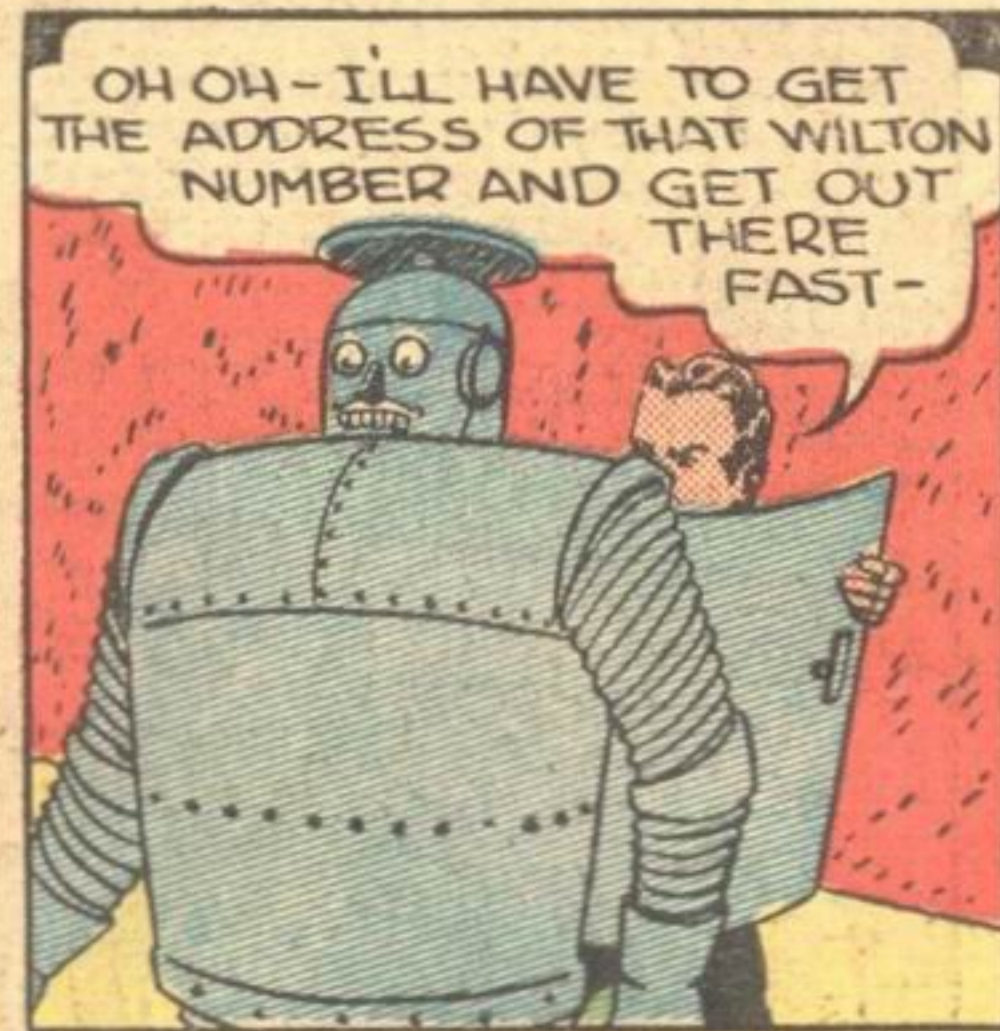
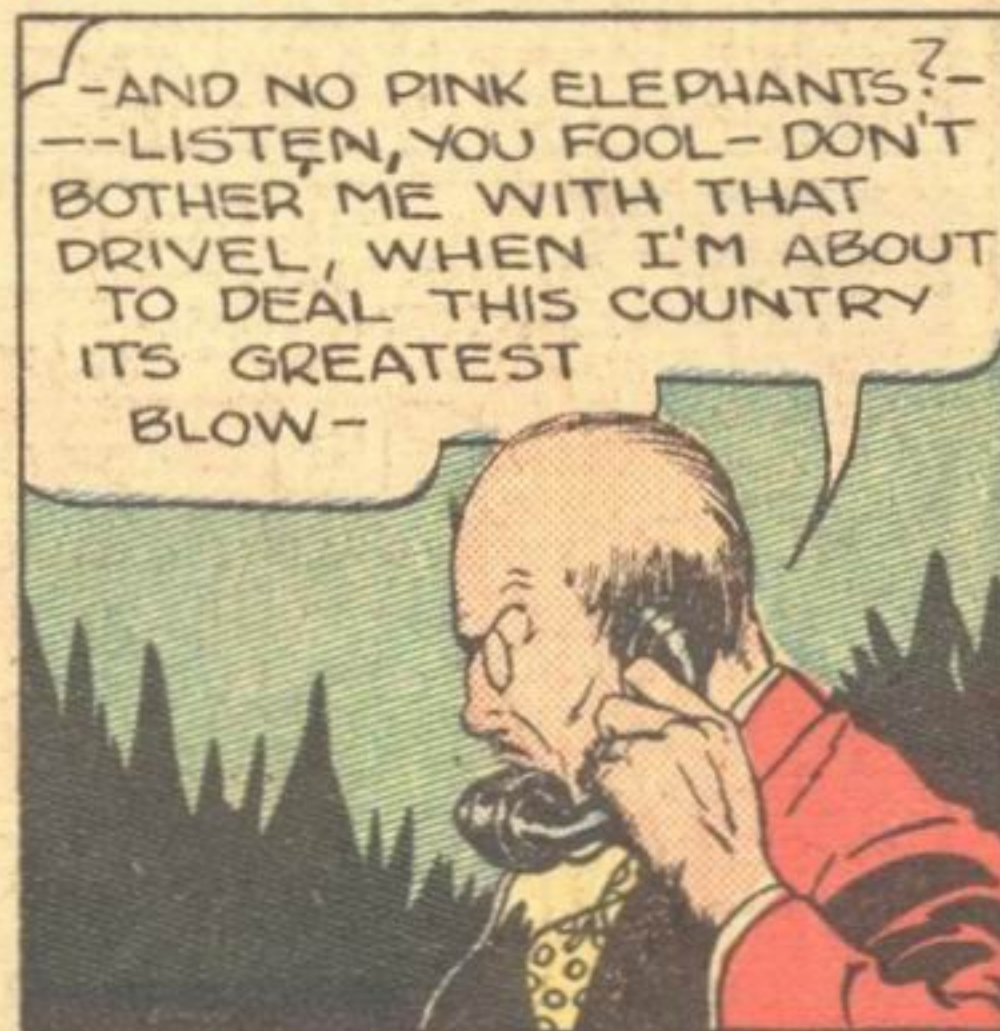
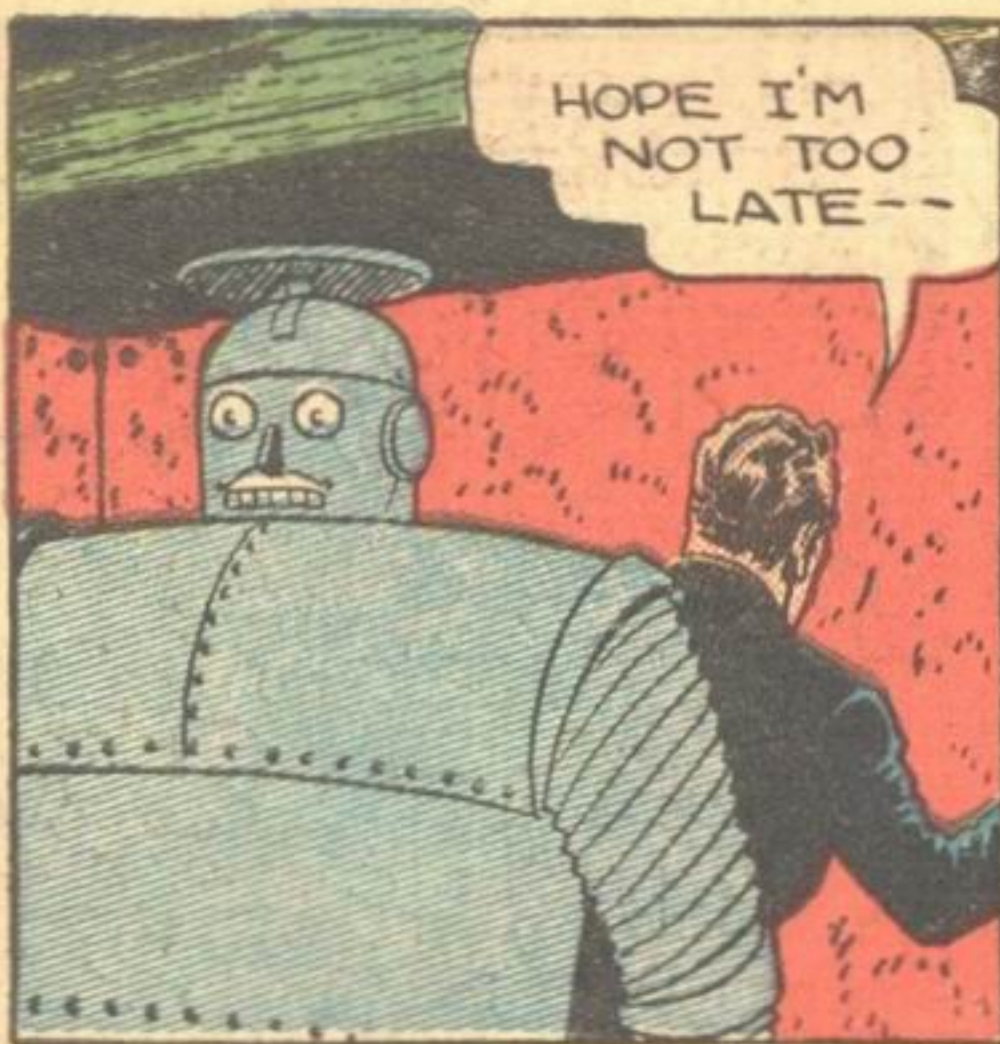
NO?? -- LOOK BEHIND YOU--!

AS THE MAN TURNS, CAT-LIKE, THE IRON MAN JUMPS, AND HANGS SUSPENDED OVERHEAD--

THAT THING--IT'S GONE-- VANISHED INTO THIN AIR--ZHUN!-- I MUST WARN ZHUN--!

AND THE IRON MAN TAKES THE SHORTEST WAY BACK TO THE CELLER--

IT WORKED!





MEANWHILE, BACK IN ZHUN'S
HIDE-OUT---

HERZOG-I BELIEVE
YOU NOW--

-I JUST HEARD WHAT
HAPPENED TO OUR
AGENTS IN WASHINGTON--
IT'S FANTASTIC, BUT
TRUE--

AND I'M GOING
TO AVENGE THEIR DEATH--
GET ME A PAPER
AND PEN--

THERE-LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE--
WE HAVE
WORK TO DO--

AS THE TWO MEN LEAVE,
THE IRON MAN APPROACHES--

THAT'S FUNNY--
NO-ONE'S HERE--
AH! THERE'S
A NOTE--

*Herzog: Meet me in
the shack at the
north end of
Bird Airport-- We
must leave the
country-- hurry.
Zhun.*

BIRD
AIRPORT, EH--

AND IN ONE LEAP, THE IRON
MAN REACHES THE FIELD AND
HEADS FOR THE SHACK--

THROW ON THE
SWITCH, HERZOG--
IT'S GOT
HOLD OF
THE
CABLE--

20,000 VOLTS - IT WILL MELT THAT THING!



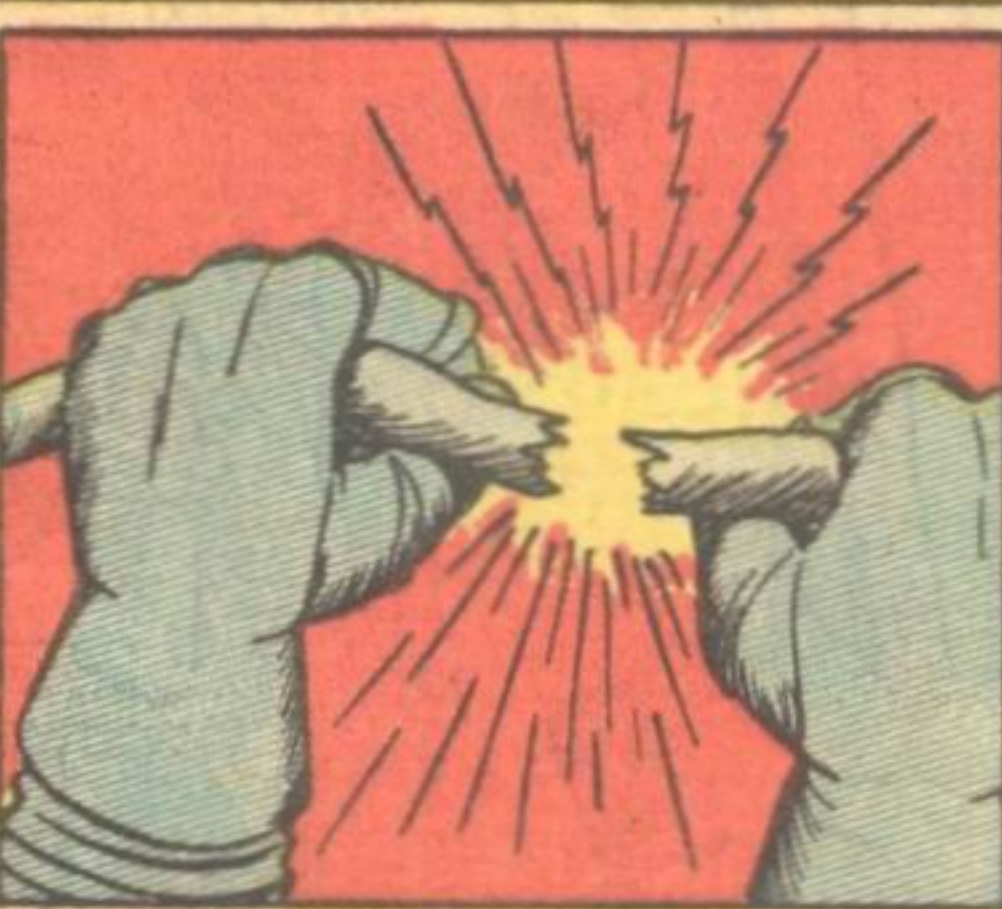
ZHUN--
LOOK!!--



SUDDENLY THE IRON MAN JERKS HIS ARMS AND ONE END OF THE CABLE SNAPS--



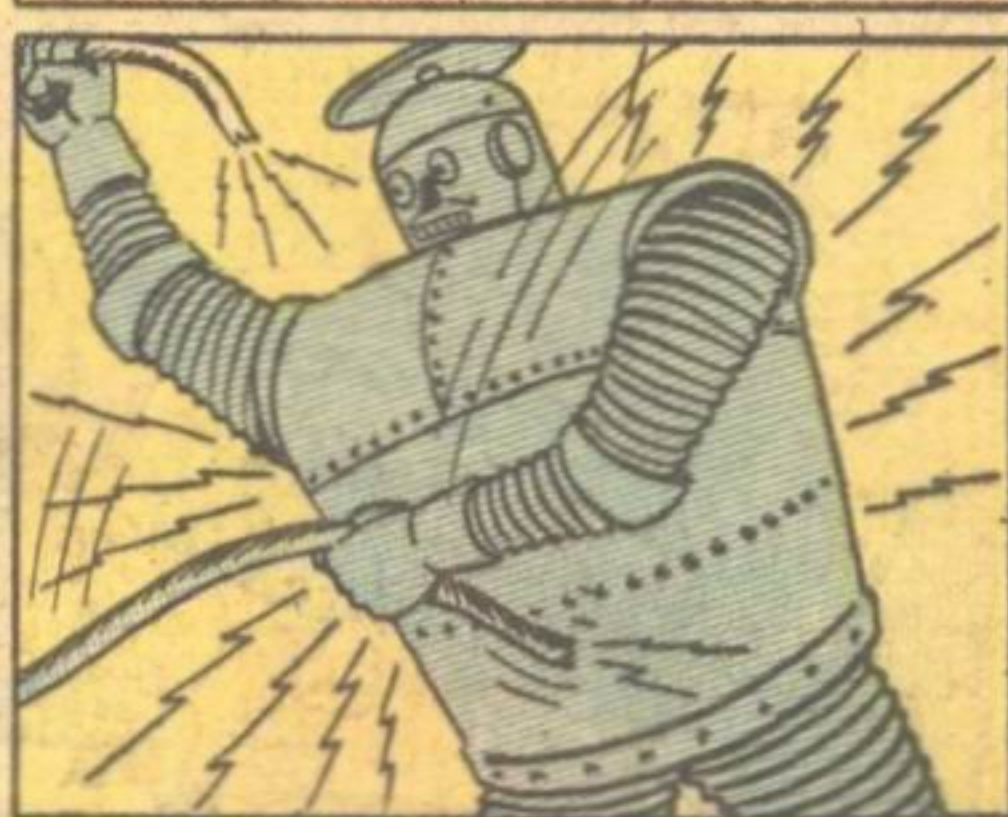
AS EASILY AS A THREAD, HE BREAKS IT IN TWO--



RUN,
HERZOG--!



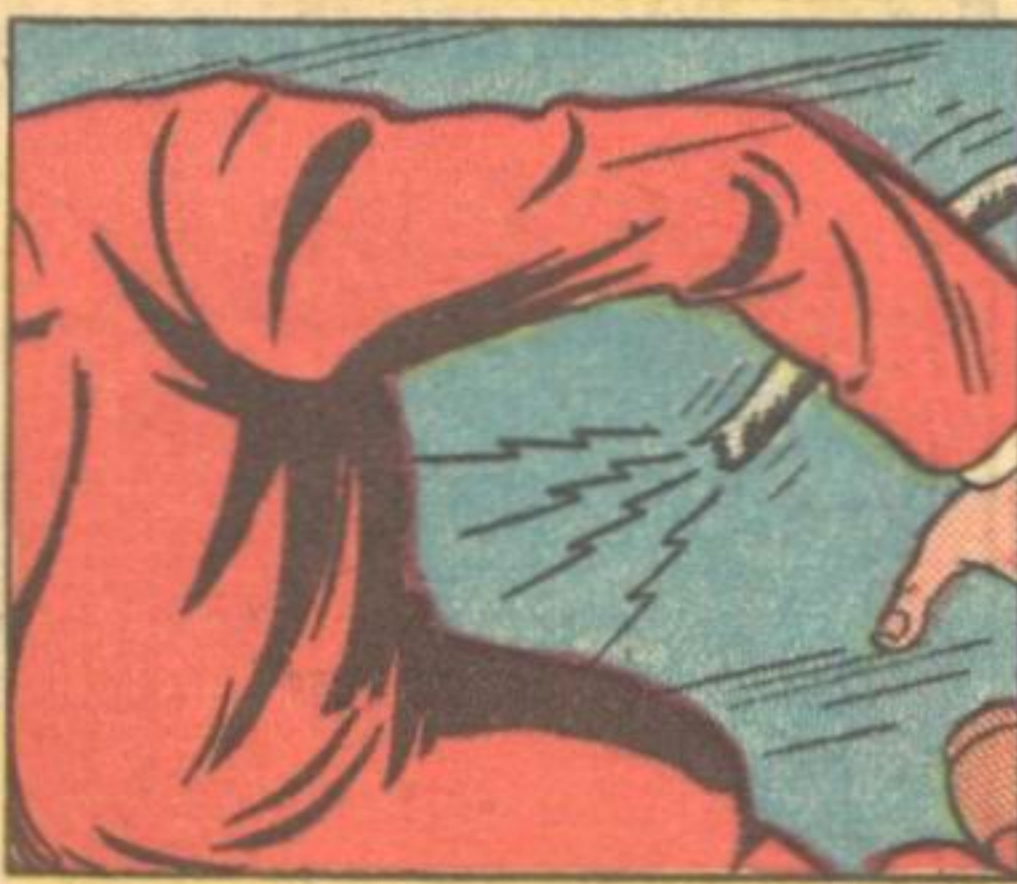
STILL CLUTCHING ONE END OF THE LIVE CABLE, THE ROBOT LASHES OUT WHIP-LIKE WITH THE OTHER PIECE---



AND STRIKES HERZOG--



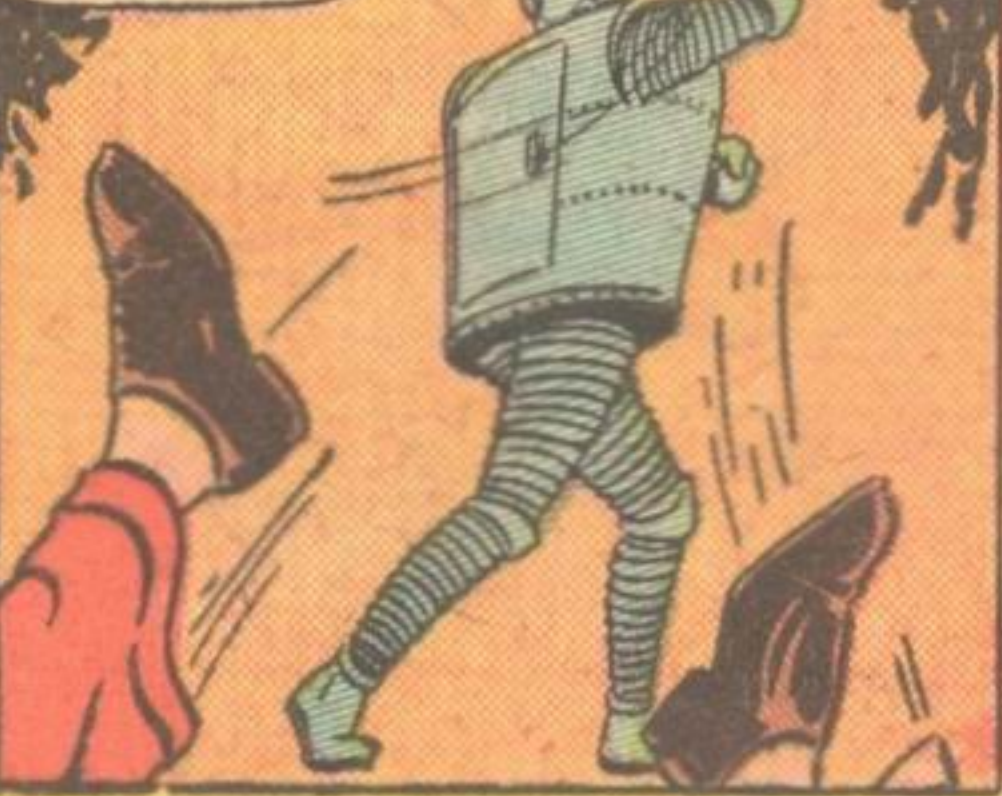
ZHUN JUST MISSES THE SAME FATE---



AND IN ONE LEAP THE ROBOT IS ON HIM--



THAT'S THE END OF THE SPY RING--



THE
NEXT
MORNING--

ADOLF ZHUN, BATZI TRIBE
LEADER, FOUND TO BE HEAD
OF SPY RING!

HUGH HAZZARD, ACE CRIME
BUSTER, BRINGS ZHUN AND GANG TO
JUSTICE.

PROOF OF RECENT ACTS OF SABOTAGE
IS FOUND IN BATZI HEADQUARTERS.

Archie by BUD THOMAS O'TOOLE

LET ME TELL YA-BEIN'
A KING AINT
NO FUN!

GOSH-I WISHT I COULD
HAVE A PERFECT COUNTRY!
A-A UTOPIA!

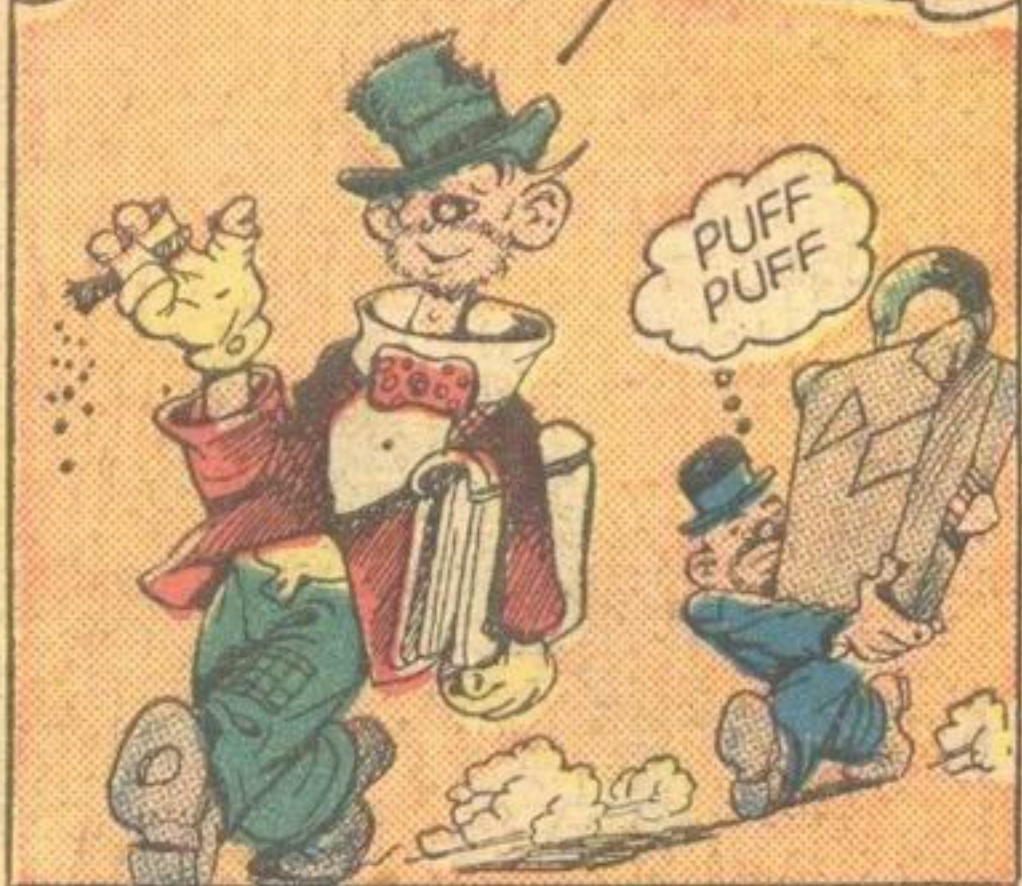
MONTGOMERY, YOU'RE MY
BEST ADVISER-HOW CAN
I MAKE PYROMANIA
A-A UTOPIA?



VE GIF UP-THERE'S NO
FORMULA FOR
IT!



I GOT PLENTY OF NOTHIN'!



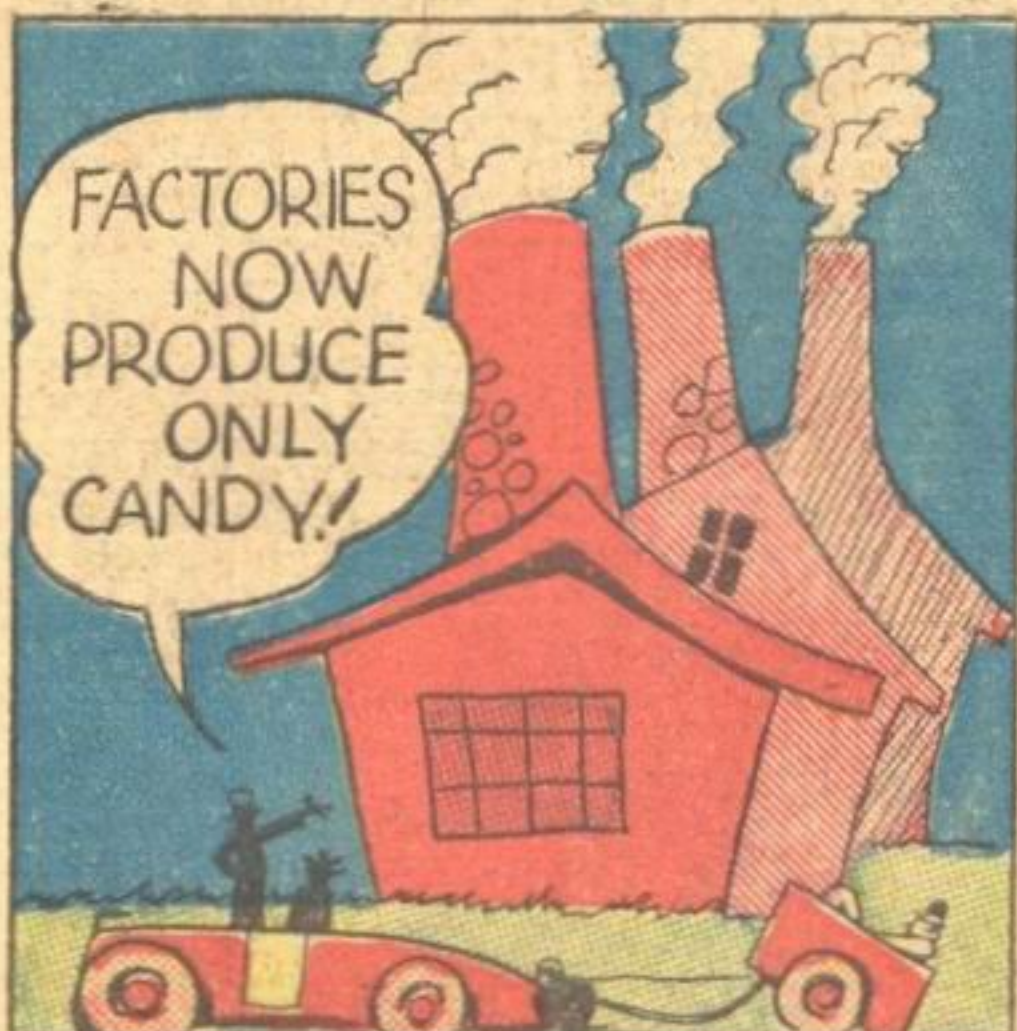
HOLD ON IPSWITCH!
WOT HAVE WE
HERE?

I'M JUST WORRYIN'
TRYIN' TO MAKE
MY COUNTRY
PERFECT!

IS THAT
ALL?

I'LL FIX THAT IN TWO WEEKS!





CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER

WITH PEACE
ESTABLISHED
IN MORAVIA,
CHIC'S WORK
IS DONE...
AND HE IS
HURRIEDLY
CALLED BACK
TO NEW YORK





AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE
ON MY LIFE- I AM IN GREAT
DANGER... IF THIS YOUNG
MAN HADN'T PUSHED ME,
THE KNIFE WOULD'VE
STRUCK ME!

DO YOU
RECOGNIZE
THIS KNIFE,
PROFESSOR?

W-WHY-
IT'S AN EGYPT-
IAN KNIFE
FROM MY
COLLECTION !!

THEN SOMEONE IN YOUR
HOUSEHOLD MUST BE
BACK OF ALL THIS!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT...

WILL YOU SHOW ME WHERE
YOUR FATHER KEEPS HIS
COLLECTION?
OF COURSE... FOLLOW
ME..

HOW MANY PERSONS
KNOW THE COMBINATION
OF THIS LOCK?

THREE... FATHER,
HOTEBA AND
MYSELF!

WHEN THEY DEPART, CHIC
PRETENDS TO SHUT THE
DOOR BUT LEAVES IT OPEN
A TRIFLE..

THOSE COPS
LOOK PHONEY
TO ME - I
THINK I'LL
STICK
AROUND...

SILENTLY HE
STEALS BACK
TO THE MUSEUM

LATER-A FLASHLIGHT
PIERCES THE CORRIDOR...

THREE SHADOWY FIGURES
CROUCH OUTSIDE THE
MUSEUM DOOR...

OPEN!

QUICK! LET'S GRAB
THAT STONE AND
GET OUT OF HERE!!



THERE IT IS, CHIEF!



THE "STAR OF EGYPT" IS IN THAT SAFE-IT OUGHT TO BE WORTH PLENTY!



BURN IT OPEN, MAC!

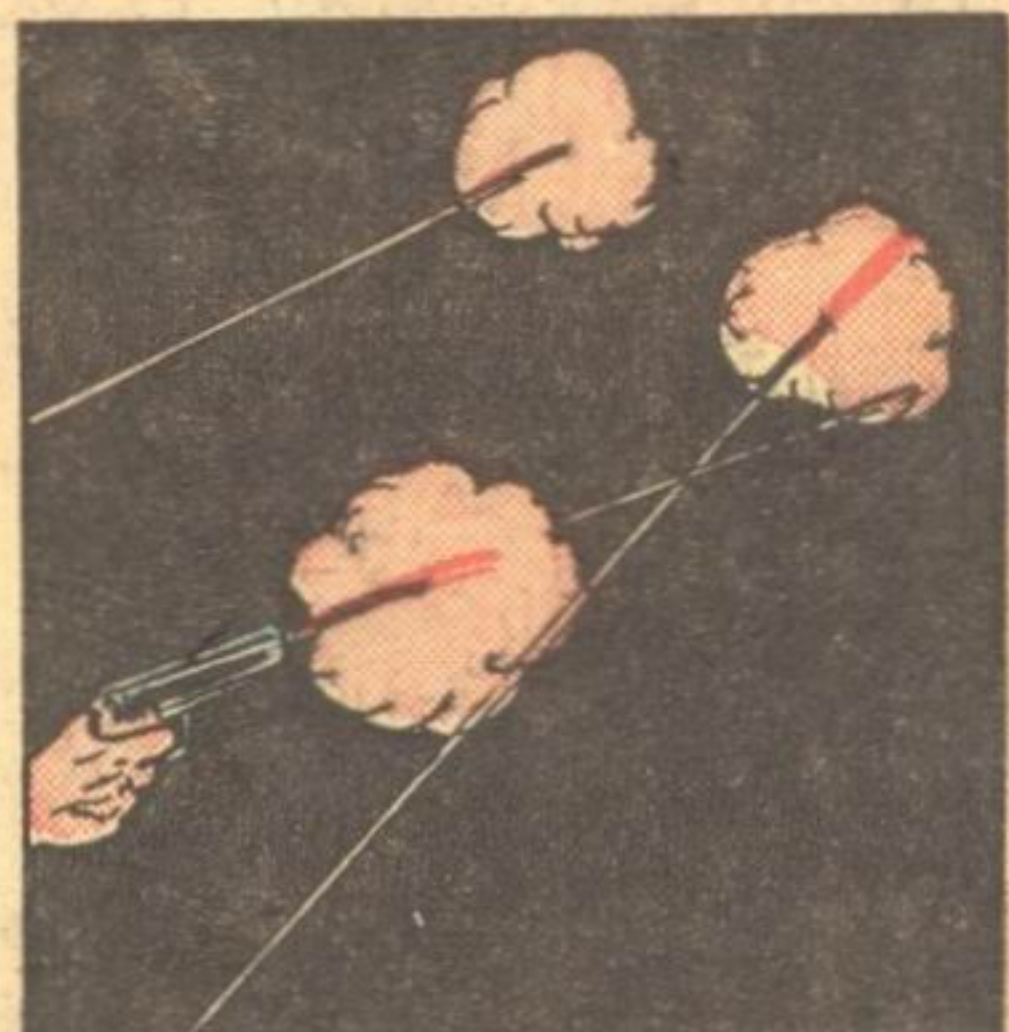


REACH FOR THE CEILING, BOYS... YOUR GAME'S UP!



WHAT TH'!

DOUSE THE LIGHTS!



MY JEWEL!!



LIFT YOUR HANDS, PROFESSOR! I'LL TAKE THE 'STAR' OF EGYPT!!



CHIC STEPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE... THE STARTLED SERVANT FIRES!



THAT ENDS YOUR "CURSE", PROFESSOR LANSING!



THOSE POLICE WERE BIG THIEVES IN DISGUISE. WORKING WITH HOTEK THEY POISONED OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION TO FRIGHTEN YOU INTO GIVING UP THE "STAR OF EGYPT!"

YEAH—POP'S
INSTALLED A
HEATING SYSTEM
IN HIS
OFFICE

SMALL STUFF

by Devlin

FOLLOW THAT
CAR!

EAT
AT
JAKE'S
BEANERY

WE'D BETTER
STOP THE CLOCK
'CAUSE EVERY TIME
IT **STRIKES**—
THE OLD MAN COMES
OUT FIGHTING!

HEY, BUD,
WILL YA
LEND ME YER
HAT? — I WANT
T'MAKE A GOOD
IMPRESSION
IN THERE

BOY
WANTED

WHAT — NO
ANAESTHETIC—
GOSH, POP—
YOU'RE A
HECK OF A
DOCTOR!

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by
ART GORDON

AT THE UNIONVILLE STEEL MILL WORK GOES ON AS USUAL..... SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING, A LADLE FILLED WITH MOLTEN STEEL IS TIPPED AND....

H-HELP!!

GREAT SCOTT, KENT—DID YOU HEAR THAT??

IT'S THE WORKERS, TOM!! QUICK—THEY'LL NEED US!!

IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE—

JENKINS PULLED THE LEVER WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKIN', BOSS—HE SWEARS HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE DID IT!!

JENKINS, WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?? THOSE MEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED! IT'LL BE MONTHS BEFORE THEY CAN GET BACK ON THE JOB!

I—I DIDN'T MEAN IT, SIR!

KENT, SOMETHING'S WRONG IN UNIONVILLE—A WEEK AGO A BOILER EXPLODED AT THE DYE WORKS—THEN YESTERDAY A TRAIN WRECK AT THE QUARRY KILLED TWO MEN—AND NOW....

...THIS ACCIDENT AT OUR MILL—IN EVERY CASE THE MEN CAN'T EXPLAIN THEIR NEGLIGENCE—WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS...

EVENING, TOM—COME IN—I'VE BEEN STUDYING DIFFERENT BLUEPRINTS SHOWING UNIONVILLE'S INDUSTRIAL PLANTS!!

THEN YOU MUST HAVE A HUNCH, KENT—WHAT IS IT?

JUST THIS—THOSE WERE NOT ACCIDENTS—THE MEN WERE UNDER THE SPELL OF A STRONGER MIND WHO DIRECTED THEIR MOVES!! TOM--THEY WERE SLAVES OF A
VOODOO MASTER!!



THE NEXT DAY KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD AND ENEMY OF CRIME, VISITS THE UNIONVILLE CHEMICAL PLANT....

HMM — THE WORKERS ARE WAITING FOR THE WHISTLE TO BLOW — I THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND IN THE MEANTIME!!



SAY, DAN—WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT? WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW UP AT THE CLUB??

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WAS, AL— I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!



YOU MEAN YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHERE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT??

JUST FER A COUPLE O' HOURS — BUT DON'T TELL NOBODY, WILL YA??



THAT'S IT! BOY — WHAT A BREAK!

THURSTON DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE



THERE GOES TH' WHISTLE—KEEP AWAKE, DAN—YOU'VE GOT A RESPONSIBLE JOB!!

SOMETHING'S COME OVER ME, AL!!



SOME LOAD...WHAT TH'—! TH' TRUCK'S MOVIN' DOWN TH' RAMP— IT'LL HIT TH' DYNAMITE STORED DOWN THERE ---

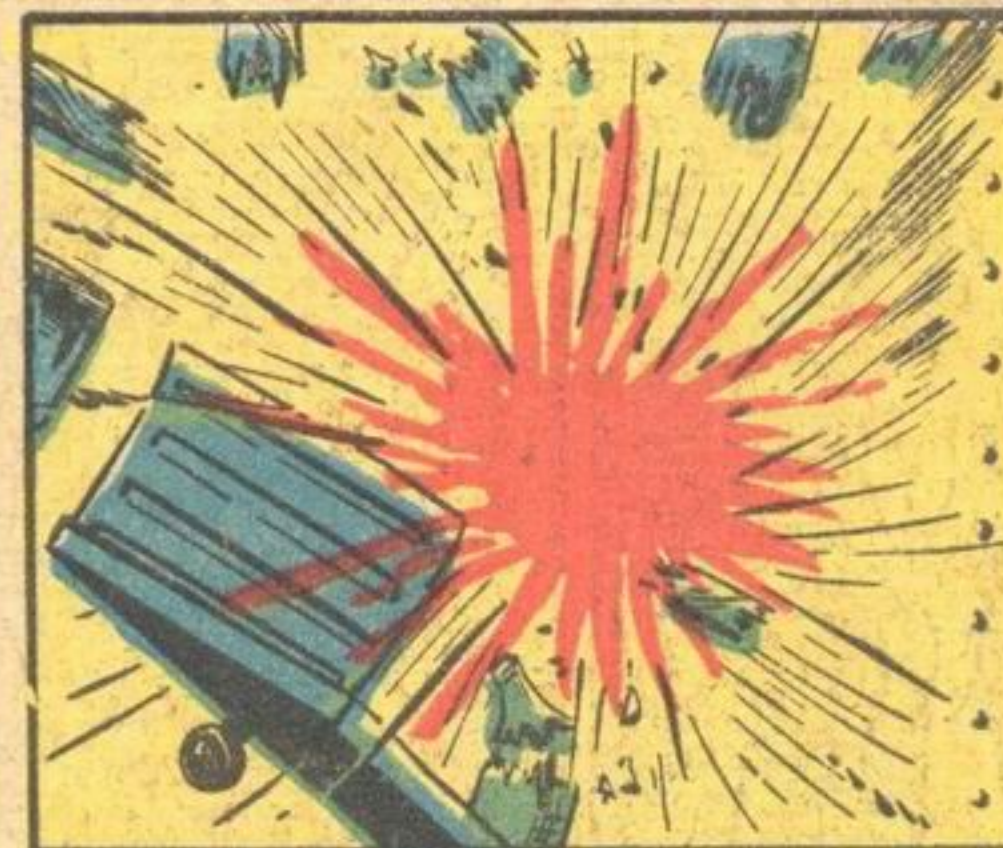
LATER, AS A WORKER IS LOADING CHEMICALS ON A FLAT-TRUCK...



DAN!! PULL TH' LEVER DROPPIN' THE STEEL DOOR— --THAT'LL STOP IT—DAN!! — H-HE'S SLEEPIN' —!! WE'LL BE KILLED--



SOX! THIS OUGHT TO WAKE HIM UP FROM THAT "SLEEP"—



—AND THE TRUCK IS STOPPED BY THE STEEL DOOR!!



....N-NOW I REMEMBER WHERE I WAS LAST NIGHT— --BLAND'S CASTLE.... UGH!! —MY HEAD....

THAT EVENING FINDS THE HOOD AT THE CASTLE MENTIONED BY THE WORKMAN—



AH—THERE IT IS—
BLAND'S CASTLE—
BUILT YEARS AGO
BY SIR JOHN BLAND
WHO WANTED PRIVACY!

PEOPLE WON'T GO
NEAR IT—THINK
IT'S HAUNTED—
B-R-R—BOY!! THIS
WATER IS COLD!!



NOW TO USE THIS GRAPPLE
TO SCALE THIS WALL—!!
HERE GOES---



I MADE
IT—!!



WHAT TH--!! SAY—
MAYBE THERE ARE
GHOSTS HERE!!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT—AND
NEITHER WOULD
THE PEOPLE OF
UNIONVILLE!!



HA—HA—LOOK AT MY
BODYGUARD—EX-CONVICTS,
GANGSTERS, OUTCASTS---
ALL UNDER MY HYPNOTIC
SPELL AND READY TO
CARRY OUT MY
ORDERS!!



TO GAIN MORE FOLLOWERS
THROUGH MY PRACTICE OF
VOODOO I MUST EXPERIMENT
ON A CITY THAT IS CUT OFF
FROM THE REST OF THE
WORLD--



-- THAT IS WHY I HAVE
BROUGHT DESTRUCTION ON
UNIONVILLE—A FEW MORE
"ACCIDENTS" AND ALL
INDUSTRY WILL CLOSE DOWN!
NEW ENTERPRISES WILL
BE DISCOURAGED!!!
NOTHING CAN
STOP ME----



EXCEPT ONE
THING, MR.
VOODOO
MASTER--

WHO SAID
THAT?? --
WHO IS
THERE??





I'M THE INVISIBLE HOOD—YOU CAN'T SEE ME!

"HOOD"EH? I'VE HEARD OF YOU --



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU — STEP CLOSER, HOOD --

YOU MUST DROP YOUR PLANS --



UNNOTICED BY THE HOOD, THE VODOO MASTER'S HAND DROPS TO THE SIDE OF HIS THRONE --



UGH!!

SUDDENLY THE GLASS BALL LIGHTS UP AND THE INVISIBLE HOOD IS BLINDED BY ITS BRILLIANCE --



IT WORKED!! — LOOK — HE'S VISIBLE!! QUICK, MEN — SEIZE HIM!!



BEFORE WE PUT HIM IN THE TOWER WITH THE OTHER PRISONER I WANT TO SHOW 'IM SOMETHING — FOLLOW ME!



THE UNIONVILLE STEEL AND CHEMICAL PLANTS HAVE BEEN "MINED" BY MY MEN — THE FIRST TWO SWITCHES, IF PULLED, WILL BLOW BOTH TO PIECES — THE LAST ONE WILL DESTROY THIS OLD CASTLE!



SUDDENLY THE INVISIBLE HOOD MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE --



AS THE HOOD SMASHES THE SWITCHES THE MEN RUSH AT HIM — BUT...



AFTER HIM — HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!!



WHAT TH'-!! SOMEONE'S COMIN' AT ME WITH A SWORD - YET I DON'T SEE ANYONE - YEOW - THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED -!

AS THE HOOD REACHES THE TOWER, A GUARD SPIES HIM...

W-WHO'S THERE??

SH-I A FRIENDLY GHOST-HA-HA!!

I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE!!

THAT VOODOO MASTER LURED ME TO THIS CASTLE AND HELD ME HERE- HE PLANNED TO BLOW UP THE STEEL AND CHEMICAL WORKS!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW- FOLLOW ME-WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE!!

LOOK!! THE VOODOO MASTER-HE'S GOT A SWORD!!

I'M READY FOR HIM!

ONE SLIP, MR. GHOST, AND YOU GO DOWN TO YOUR DEATH! HA-HA!!

UGH-!!

C'MON-WE'VE GOT TO JUMP-WHEN I SMASHED THE SWITCHES I SET THE ONE THAT WOULD BLOW UP THIS CASTLE!!

LET'S GO!

WHEW!! JUST IN TIME!!

I'LL SWIM AHEAD OF TOM AND TAKE OFF THIS HOOD BEHIND SOME TREES!!

WHY, KENT-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?? SAY-WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED...

TOM!! HERE - GRAB MY HAND!!

LATER-AS TOM REACHES SHORE-

....THAT'S THE STORY, KENT- I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!!

WELL, TOM- IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT... BUT THE INVISIBLE PART OF IT- YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

FLASH FULTON

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON



FLASH, DRAW \$5,000 FOR EXPENSES AND WHEN THAT'S GONE, DRAW MORE—BUT FIND ROGER HART!!



H'YA, PLASH!! SAY——— WHAT'S UP?

WE'RE GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA, ANDY!



LATER: IN FLASH'S APARTMENT.

OUR NEXT JOB IS TO FIND ROGER HART—SOMEWHERE IN THE AMAZON JUNGLES!!



W-WHAT??

YOU HEARD ME——— EVERYONE THAT EVER TRIED TO FIND HIM WOUND UP WITH DEFEAT! NOW, START PACKING!



A WEEK LATER... A POWERFUL PLANE SETS DOWN AT THE LAST CIVILIZED OUTPOST ON THE AMAZON.



FLASH FULTON, I TAKE IT! I'M THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE HERE!

CARTER, EH? I GUESS YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE FROM THE CABLE I SENT AHEAD!



YES — AND I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY TO TRY TO FIND ROGER HART! WELL, COME ALONG AND I'LL GET YOU A GUIDE AND GIVE YOU A FEW TIPS!!



THESE MAPS MADE BY PREVIOUS EXPEDITIONS WILL BE THE BEST HELP I CAN GIVE YOU! THEY SHOW ALL THE TERRITORY COVERED!

THEN MY BEST BET WILL BE TO COVER THE PARTS THAT WERE MISSED!



LAMPS BURN LATE INTO THE NIGHT AS CARTER, FLASH AND ANDY DISCUSS THE MANY MAPS....



MEANWHILE A NATIVE WATCHES THE THREE MEN FROM THE OUTSIDE WITH EAGER EYES!



I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE ALL YOU'VE SHOWN US, MR CARTER!

DON'T MENTION IT! I'LL SEND A GUIDE OVER TO YOU IN THE MORNING!



AS CARTER CLOSES THE DOOR, THE NATIVE WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING THEM STEPS UP TO FLASH AND ANDY



I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS GUY BUT HE SEEMS TO WANT US TO GO WITH HIM -- OH, SAY--- MR. CARTER!!



YES--WHAT IS IT?

WHAT DOES THIS FELLA WANT?



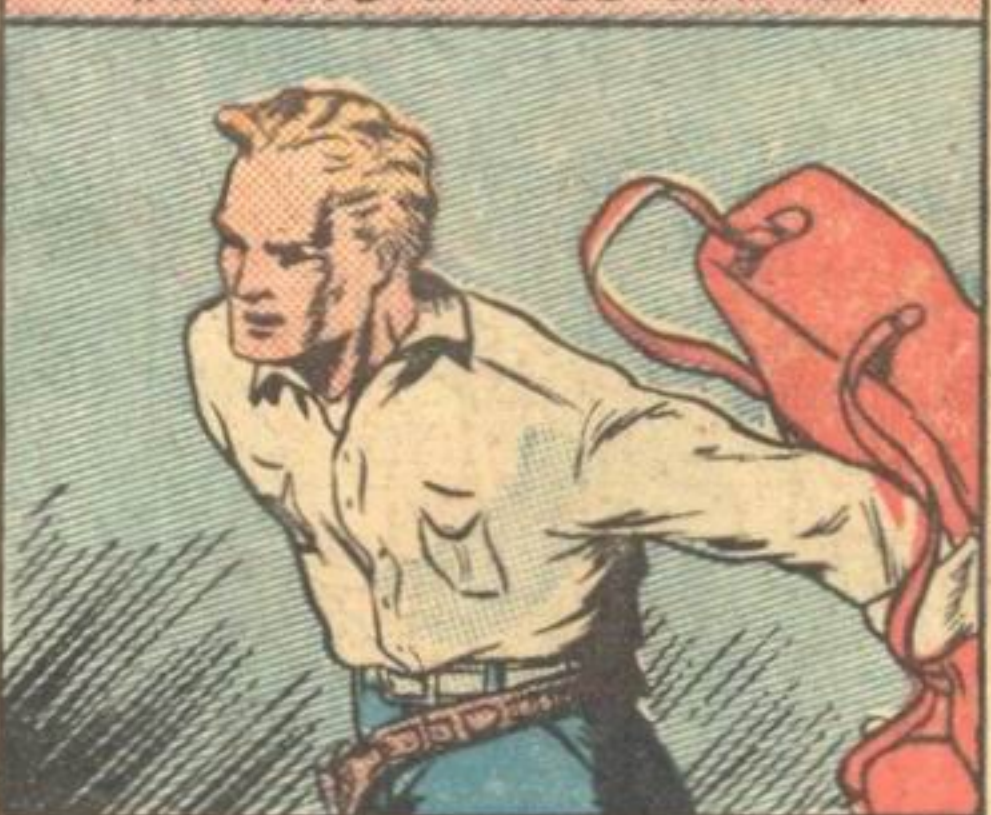
THE NATIVE BABBLES FOR A MINUTE...AND THEN, AS HE SEES CARTER, COVERS HIS FACE AND RUNS.



I DECLARE!! A VOODOO TRIBESMAN! HE WANTED TO BRING YOU TO A "WHITE GOD" THAT CAME IN A BIG BIRD--- WHY!! IT MUST'VE BEEN ROGER HART!



AT THE SOUND OF ROGER HART'S NAME, FLASH TEARS OFF AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS NATIVE.



WHAT A BREAK--AND I'M NOT GONNA LET IT SLIP PAST ME! THERE HE IS!!



THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, BUD!!



I'LL HANDLE HIM, FLASH!



CARTER DRAWS A KNIFE AND PRESSES THE NATIVE AGAINST A TREE.... THEN THE TWO BEGIN TALKING IN THE NATIVE'S TONGUE.



HE'S FROM THE KITAWA DISTRICT--ABOUT FOUR DAYS BY WATER FROM HERE! HOLD HIM UNTIL I GET MY PACK AND GUN!



ALL SET? YOU'D NEVER GET BACK ALIVE IF YOU WENT INTO THAT COUNTRY! IT'S VOOODOO COUNTRY-- AND CANNIBALS ARE VERY COMMON!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE PARTY IS IN A LONG CANOE AND PADDLING TOWARD THE KITAWA DISTRICT....



FOUR DAYS HAVE PASSED, THEN...

DRUMS!! THIS MUST BE IT!! YES! DRUMS OF WORSHIP! I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



AS FLASH, ANDY AND CARTER TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DRUMS, THE NATIVE DIVES OVERBOARD!



I THINK I GOT HIM! I HOPE SO! IF HE REACHES HIS TRIBE BEFORE WE DO IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR US!

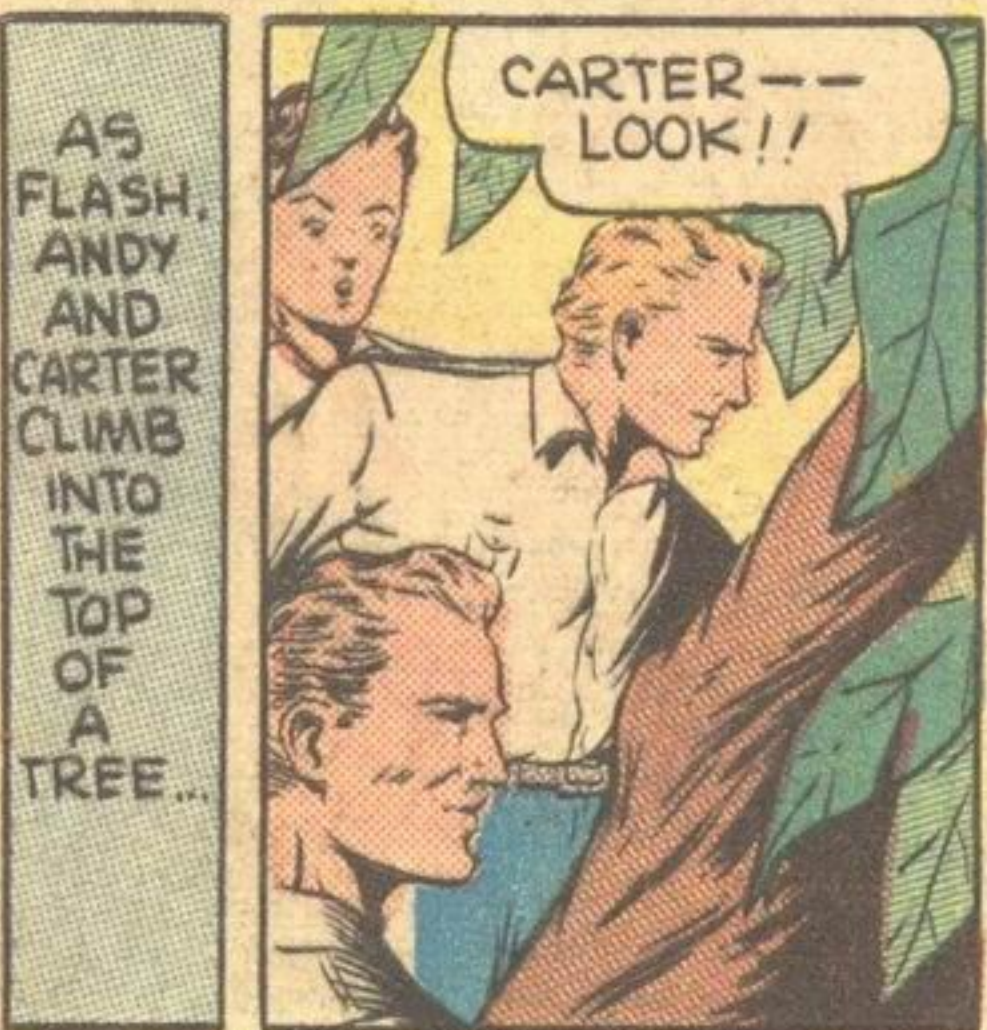


INSTANTLY, GUNS BARK OUT....

WE'D BETTER PULL ASHORE AND FIND OUT JUST WHERE THIS TRIBE IS!



AS FLASH, ANDY AND CARTER CLIMB INTO THE TOP OF A TREE...



CARTER-- LOOK!!

THROUGH A CLEARING THEY SEE THE WRECKED PLANE OF ROGER HART IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE LARGE HUTS... AND NATIVES DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A HUGE FIRE....



THE FIRE DANCE! WHEN THE MOON IS DIRECTLY ABOVE THEM, THEY'LL BURN SOMEONE ALIVE-- -- AND THAT WILL BE ROGER HART!! THAT WAS WHY THAT NATIVE CAME AFTER YOU-- --SO YOU COULD BE NEXT!



WE'LL NEVER GET ROGER HART OUT OF IT! I'VE GOT THERE WITH ALL DID YOU BRING THIS SOUND-EFFECT REEL ALONG?



SURE --!! BUT WHY?

YOU'LL SEE -- AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK!



AS NIGHT FALLS, FLASH SETS UP THE CAMERA WHILE ANDY MAKES READY THE SOUND MACHINE

THE CAMERA'S GOING! NOW, ANDY — START THE SOUND EFFECTS! AND YOU, CARTER — KEEP ME "COVERED" IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG!!



THEN AMID EVERY CRASHING SOUND IMAGINABLE, FLASH STEPS OUT INTO THE CLEARING.



THINKING THAT FLASH IS SOME STRANGE GOD, THE NATIVES SHRINK BACK-- IN WILD FRIGHT!



I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO TRY THIS — BUT IT'S GOING TO BE SOME NEWSREEL!!



FLASH REACHES THE HUT WHERE ROGER HART IS KEPT...

HART!! WEAK FROM BLOOD AND FULL OF TROPICAL FEVER! IT'S A WONDER HE'S STILL ALIVE!



MR. CARTER!! LOOK-- T-THAT NATIVE WE HAD WITH US!!



AS FLASH CARRIES ROGER HART THROUGH THE CROWD OF NATIVES.

WITH DEADLY AIM, CARTER FIRES!

RUN, FLASH!!
RUN!



BOY!! THAT WAS CLOSE!

SHOVE OFF — WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!



C'MON, ANDY — A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE!

WE'RE OUT OF THE RANGE OF THEIR ARROWS NOW!



HOW DOES HE LOOK, CARTER?

HE'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE — BUT HE'LL LIVE ALL RIGHT!



WELL, FLASH — YOU DID WHAT WAS CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE — FOUND ROGER HART!

ME — ?? IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, CARTER, I'D PROBABLY BE IN THE SAME BOAT HART WAS IN!



HOW ABOUT ME? IF I HADN'T WORKED THAT SOUND TRACK RIGHT BOTH OF YOU WOULD'VE BEEN GONERS --- NOT TO MENTION MYSELF!! --GULP!!



THE WINGED EMERALDS

By ROBERT M. HYATT

The scream was like the shrill moaning lament of a distant locomotive. It shuddered its way through the thick tangle of jungle and died out with a sort of sobbing cadence.

Jimmy Christian halted so abruptly that his pack swung around almost knocking him over. The two white men and half a dozen native porters behind him brought up with startled exclamations.

"El tigre!" whispered Chako, the headman. "El tigre diablo!"

"Devil tiger eh?" repeated Merton Hadley, cocking his short-barreled rifle. "Well, a devilish weird voice he has, but he'd better not show himself around here!"

Sam Baker, the third member of the trio, chuckled. "Funny, what a tiger can do to one's nerve on a pitch dark night in the jungle. I remember one time—"

Merton Hadley interrupted him with a groan. "No, Sam, not that one again, please! Let's get goin' and see if we can make the valley by dawn. . . . Ally-oop, Chako!"

The party got under way once more, treading with hardly a sound over the thick leaf mold that littered the jungle floor. Above them a black Gothic arch of mighty trees loomed immensely, shutting out the brilliant moonlight that characterizes Colombia in the summer.

"When you've been in South America as long as I have," Sam said once, "you'll get over being jittery when a pussy cat yowls."

Sam was right. For twenty years he had broken trails through the jungles of a dozen Latin American countries in search of gold and gems. Some-

times he worked on his own; occasionally he was employed by mining companies in the States. He had come to be known as "South American Sam."

Sam was responsible for this trek. Earlier in the year he had stumbled upon a vast valley where lived a savage tribe of aborigines. Chimus, Sam called them, a fierce, head-hunting bunch of rogues who promptly drove him out of the valley. But not before he had discovered a rich emerald mine. He had charted the location in his head—not always a logical place to draw a map in an area as large as central Colombia.

But, though Sam's mental recording might have erred slightly, he remembered one thing while leaving the valley of the Chimus: For three days and nights, while putting the head-hunters behind him, he had noticed that the wind blew only in one direction, never veering. Just what that direction had been, however, he did not know.

"All we have to do is find a low range of hills this side of the valley and then keep a check on the wind."

That's how Sam sold the idea of emerald hunting to the Hadley Mining Co. Merton Hadley was a cousin of Jimmy Christian, young mining engineer just getting his spurs.

It was Jimmy's first trip to South America. Filled with tall tales of savages, he had loaded his pack with trinkets for barter—knives and bright pins and even a hundred or so toy balloons. This had given the two other members of the party a big laugh, but the value of Jimmy's knick-knacks was to prove itself later.

At dawn the engineers halted for breakfast. The jungle had thinned out and now the early sun burned down like raw flame upon them.

"This looks like it," Sam said moodily. "But shucks, there ain't a sigh of wind . . . that's funny."

"That's tragic, I'd say," Hadley rejoined. "Well, let's push on; we'll work in a big circle and maybe you'll recognize some landmark."

The whole day passed, however, and no landmark showed up.

"This is just ducky," muttered Hadley, weary with the long day's march. "Now what're we going to do?"

Jimmy Christian offered a suggestion:

"Say, I've got it! This time of year the wind is high up—pressure is lighter, or something. In the winter time it's closer to the ground."

"Well—" his cousin said.

"Balloons," said Jimmy. "We'll send up some of my balloons—the ones painted with phosphor."

"There's an engineer for you," chuckled Sam. "Okay, boy, let's try 'er!"

It took Jimmy only a few minutes to blow up several balloons and release them. The phosphor made them look like gigantic fireflies as they soared upward. Suddenly the highest one was whisked away almost in a straight line; then another, and another, until they were all shooting merrily off into the night.

"West," said Sam laconically. "Due west. Kid, you've saved the day; I'd never thought of it. Now all we have to do is send one up occasionally."

The night passed and early the next morning they were on their way, having first tested the direction of the wind via toy balloon. The native porters witnessed these miniature flights with considerable awe, and drew back in terror when Jimmy

offered to show them how they were made to fly.

"They're more scared of them things than they are of 'El tigre diablo'," laughed Sam Baker.

For three days they marched, keeping a balloon anchored by a long cord always stretched taut before and above them. Then suddenly they broke upon the valley. It was vast, its far rim almost lost to view. Mists rolled across it, strange purplish mists that started the porters to chattering volubly amongst themselves.

"Something wrong down there," Sam said, "or they wouldn't be so jittery."

"We'll soon find out," Merton replied, taking the lead down the long slope toward the valley floor.

It was further than it looked. Night had almost fallen when they reached the level, and Sam cautioned against building a fire.

"These Chimu lads are plenty bad," he said. "No use stirrin' 'em up till we have to."

They searched the valley for two days, but no sign of an emerald mine presented itself. Hadley grew impatient. "You sure this is the right valley?" he asked Sam. "Good gosh, man, we've been almost around it!"

Sam spread his hands. "Right one, all right. Not another one like it in Colombia. Sure of it, Hadley."

Then they found it. Jimmy, leading, turned the beam of his flash against the night-draped walls of rock that towered above them.

"Look!" he cried. "A hole. There's the mine!"

In a moment they were creeping into the dark crypt. The porters remained outside, shivering.

Merton found the emeralds. "Great Caesar, look at that!" he cried, playing his light over a pile of greenish gems, all rough and uncut, but all beautiful even

in their coarseness. They began stuffing their pockets.

What happened next was so sudden that the men were caught off guard. The shaft was abruptly filled with shouting, leaping devils. Far outnumbered, the three white men were overpowered in a moment. The savages lugged them outside and clustered around them in a shrieking, gesticulating circle. Sam tried a few words of dialect.

"They want 'em back," he relayed. "They're sacred, or some-thin'. Shell out, gents, or we're goners."



Reluctantly the men emptied their pockets. Their contents made a pile of greenish fire at their feet. The savages howled with fiendish fanaticism, making obeisance to the emeralds.

"Get goin'!" shouted Sam. He started off at a lope, Merton following.

Then a globe of pale fire shot skyward. The savages fled into the surrounding darkness with screams of fright. More globes rocketed upward until the sky overhead was freckled with fiery balls, floating westward.

"Come on, Jimmy!" Sam yelled. "Tricks won't hold these devils off for long."

Jimmy Christian joined the other two men only after he had blown up and released a good half-hundred balloons.

"What was the idea?" Merton panted, when they had put a half-mile between them and the natives.

"Look," Jimmy replied, pointing. Ahead, scattered over an area some two hundred yards in extent, lay the balloons, partially deflated, each palely glowing in the darkness.

"So what?" Merton wanted to know.

Sam had reached the first balloon and picked it up. "Well, I'll be a sawed-off billy goat!" he ejaculated. "Look at this!"

Merton snatched up one of the balloons. "Jimmy!" he cried. "How'd you ever think of it?"

Attached to the string of each balloon was a chunk of rough emerald—every gem they had carried from the shaft lay safely before them.

Read **THE CAT MEN** in the April issue of **Smash Comics**—on sale February 16th.

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**A LADY
BUG CAN
EAT TEN
TIMES ITS
OWN WEIGHT....**



**J.S. SARGENT,
OF CALIFORNIA,
MAKES A LIVING BY
RAISING LADY-BUGS.
HE SELLS THEM TO ORANGE
GROWERS. THEY EAT THE
WHITE BUGS
WHICH ARE CROP
DESTROYERS.**

STOOKIE
ALLEN



**John
Blackland**

IS OWNER OF THE
WORLD'S ONLY FLOATING
DEPARTMENT STORE. EVERY
MAY HE SAILS FROM SEATTLE TO
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. HIS CUSTOMERS
ARE THE ESKIMOS—HE TRADES
RADIOS, RAZORS, ETC.,
FOR FURS.



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DANGER
IN
NUMBERS

JOHN LAW *Scientective*

YOU
WILL
DIE BY
FIRE



JOHN LAW, NOTED SCIENTIST AND LAWYER, IS TIGHTENING HIS NET AROUND THE MYSTERIOUS "AVENGER" WHO PLOTS RUIN FOR THIRTEEN PROMINENT AND WEALTHY MEN

AWAITING "THE AVENGER'S" NEXT MOVE, LAW HATCHES A NEW PLAN TO TRAP HIM, OR, AT LEAST TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY.

LAW RECEIVES A FRANTIC PHONE CALL FROM ALBERT MILLS, ONE OF THE THIRTEEN, WHO HAS JUST GOTTEN A TERRIFYING THREAT FROM "THE AVENGER"

WHAT? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MILLS!



NOW, WHAT'S THIS WILD TALE OF YOURS?

LAW, I TELL YOU I SAW IT... ON THAT WINDOW!



AT ALBERT MILLS' APARTMENT

THERE IT IS NOW!

YOU WILL
DIE BY
FIRE



INTERESTING!... MILLS, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO REPLACE THAT GLASS?

SOMEONE BROKE IT, SAY... HOW DID YOU KNOW?



AND I'LL BET A GLAZIER JUST 'HAPPENED' ALONG SHORTLY AFTER!

W-WHY YES!... ONE DID!



HERE'S HOW IT WAS DONE!

YOU WILL
DIE BY
FIRE



HOLDING THE LENS OF HIS POLAROID SUN GLASSES OVER HIS FLASHLIGHT, LAW THROWS IT ON THE WINDOW

NOTICE THE GREENISH TINT OF THAT GLASS!... IT'S DUE TO A POLARIZING FILM, THAT WINDOW IS TWO PIECES OF GLASS WITH A FILM BETWEEN, AND THE MESSAGE IS CONSTRUCTED WITH LETTERS OF TRANSPARENT CELLOPHANE!



NOTE.... CLEAR "WHITE" CELLOPHANE BECOMES COLORED WHEN SEEN THRU POLAROID, & UNDER POLARIZED LIGHT, AS IT STOPS SOME WAVE LENGTHS WHILE ALLOWING OTHERS TO PASS!

'THE AVENGER' IS ON YOUR TRAIL, MILLS, YOU'D BETTER MOVE!

TOMORROW!



SO! 'THE AVENGER' SAYS TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, EH? I'D BETTER STICK AROUND!

SWELL! I FEEL MUCH SAFER!

LATER, AT MILLS' NEW APARTMENT

LOCK ME IN MY BEDROOM, LAW, I'M TURNING IN!

BED'S AS SAFE AS ANY PLACE I GUESS!

THREE HOURS, AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET,.....

I SMELL SMOKE!

GREAT GUNS!

MILLS!

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT WHAT ON EARTH SET FIRE TO MY MATTRESS? I'VE A HUNCH WHAT CAUSED IT IS IN THE APARTMENT BELOW!

BUT LAW, THAT APARTMENT IS VACANT!

YEAH?... VACANT EXCEPT FOR A SHORT WAVE TRANSMITTER?

I KNEW IT!... A HEAT INDUCING SHORT WAVE SET! THAT'S WHAT SET YOUR BED AFIRE!

LAW! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!

TRY THE HALL DOOR, LAW!

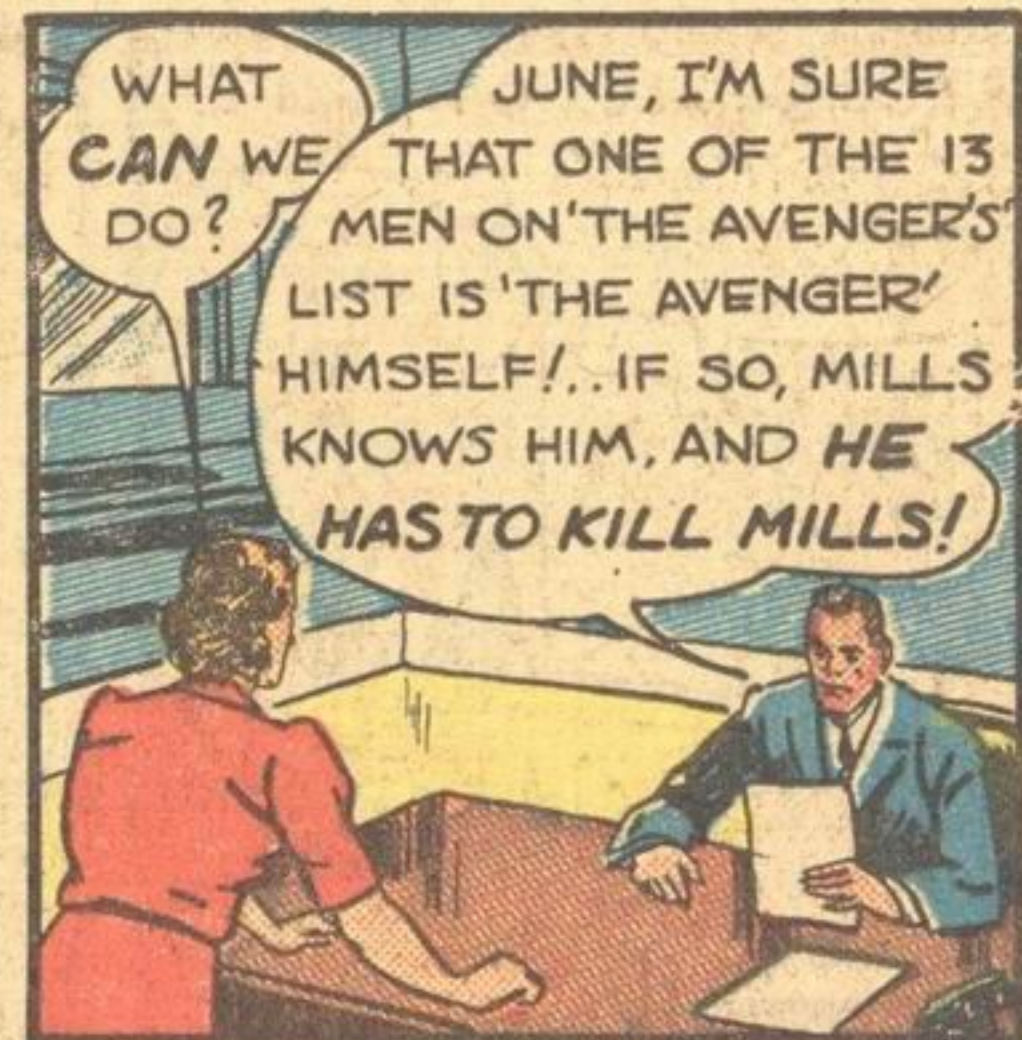
IT'S LOCKED! QUICK!...LOOK OUT THE WINDOW !!

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

THERE GOES 'THE AVENGER'!

I CAN'T RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HERE!

IN THE STREET BELOW, A HOODED FIGURE RUNS TO A PARKED AUTO...





OF COURSE I'LL DO IT, BUT IT MAY SEAL MILLS' DEATH WARRANT!

IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE!

AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY EXPRESS.

EDITOR



...GOT THAT COPY?... DROP IT IN PAGE 1, AND RUN ME OFF 15 COPIES!... YOU HEARD ME, ...15!



I'LL HAVE THESE DELIVERED RIGHT AWAY!

MESSENGER



JOHN, WHATEVER ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

PRAYING THAT THIS WORKS!!



DAILY EXPRESS EXTRA

LAW SAYS ARREST NEAR IN MILLS KIDNAPPING

KIDNAPPER KNOWN TO POLICE



IF YOU'RE WRONG, NOTHING CAN SAVE MILLS!

JUNE, IT'S HIS ONE CHANCE OF GETTING OUT ALIVE!



THIS WAITING IS GHASTLY, I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN!

THIS IS IT!



OH, ...YOU WILL, EH? ...JUNE, GET ME THAT LIST!



WHO IS 'LONGACRE-5-7843'?

WH-WHY, IT'S, ...IT'S LEWIS!



SO!..... LEWIS IS 'THE AVENGER'! I SUSPECTED THAT BOZO!

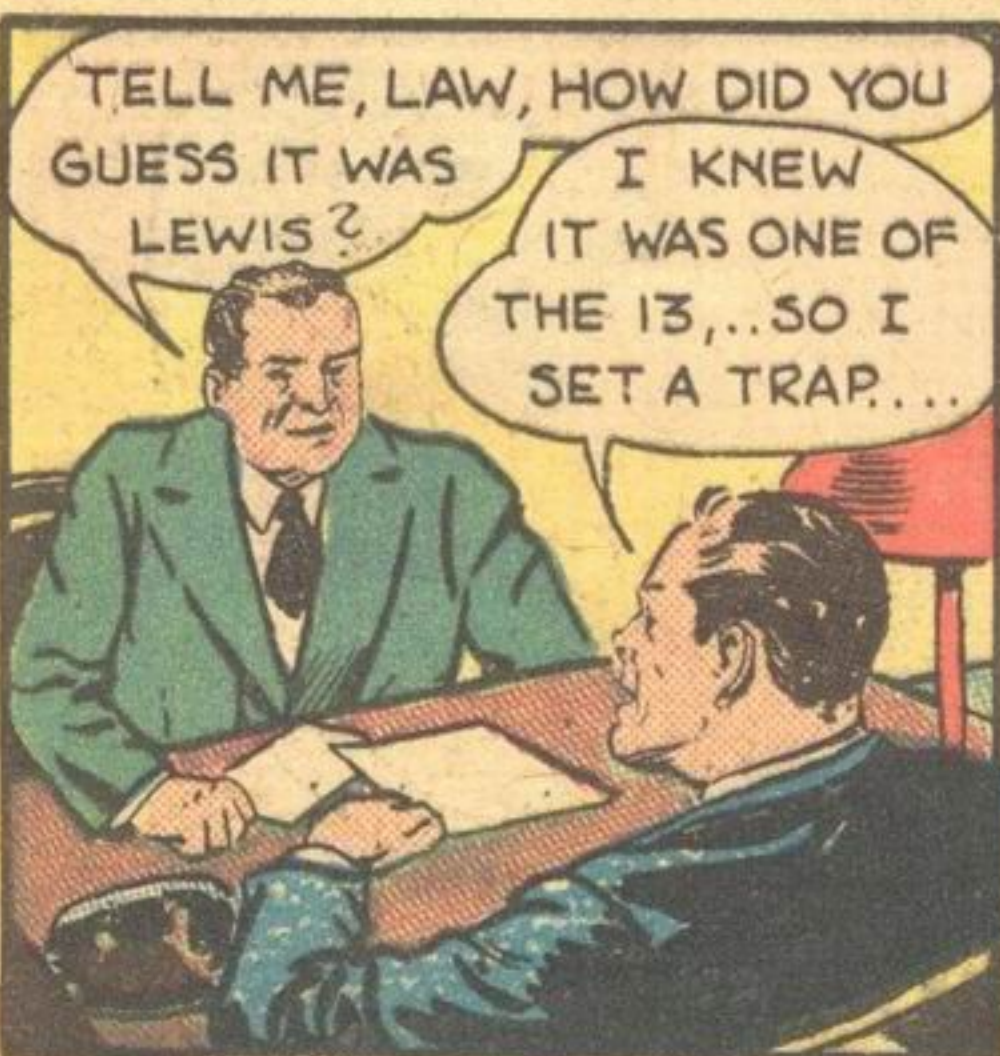
HURRY, JOHN, HURRY!

AND FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARD.



JOHN!... THERE'S LEWIS'S HOUSE!... THERE'S A CAR LEAVING!

WE'LL HAVE TO GAMBLE ON LEWIS AND MILLS BEING IN IT, AND TRAIL THEM!



WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE
DETECTIVE

THE TOWN IN
WHICH WUN CLOO
LIVES FACES
BANKRUPTCY
UNLESS
\$100,000 CAN
BE RAISED!

by GILL
FOX

MR. WUN CLOO—AS MEMBERS
OF THE TOWN COUNCIL WE
WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU THAT
THE TOWN WILL GO BANKRUPT
UNLESS YOU
HELP US!



BECAUSE OF YOUR
GREAT ABILITY
WITH THE JU JITSU, THE
COUNCIL HAS
CHOSEN YOU
TO RAISE THE
MONEY BY
WRESTLING
THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION!



THERE
HE IS!

\$100,000 TO
ANYONE WHO
CAN THROW THE
GREAT CHAMPION

"MUGWA"
WEIGHT—375 L.B.
HEIGHT—7 FT.



HA! HE IS VERY
BIG—I WILL
HAVE TO THROW
HIM IN
SECTIONS!



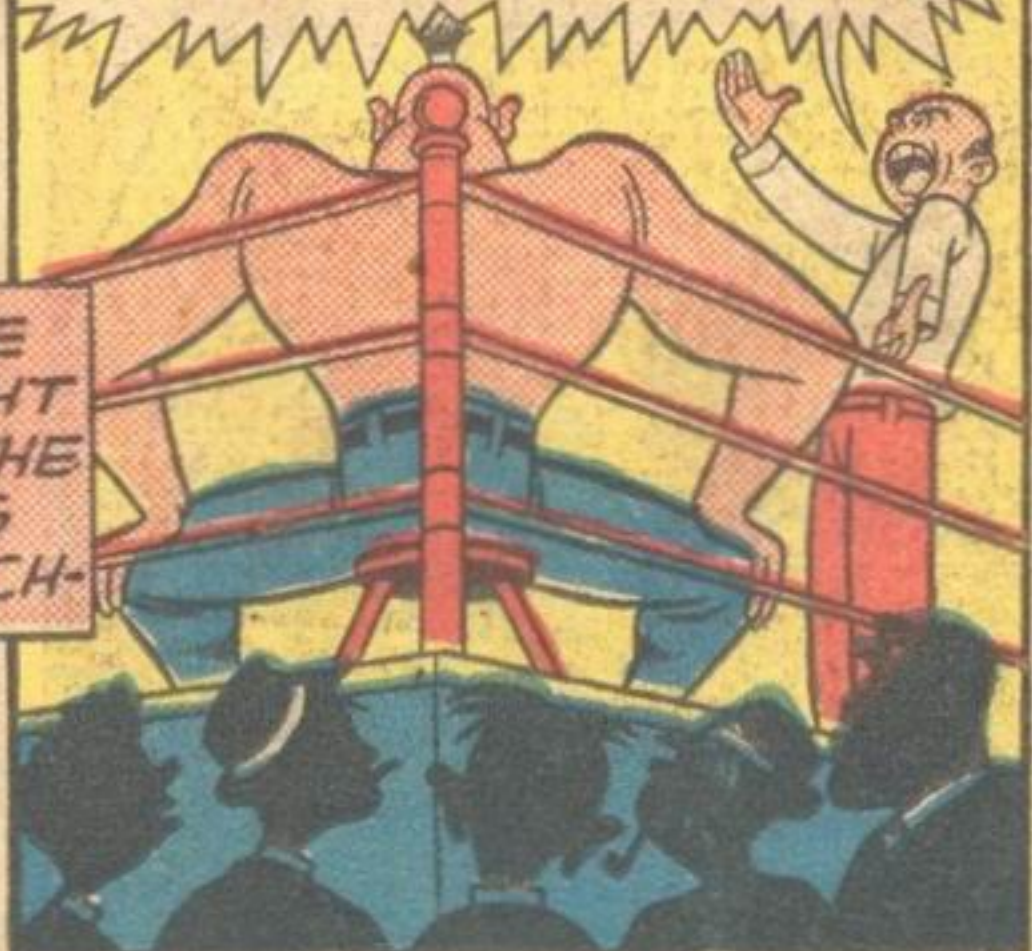
A SHORT WHILE AFTER
ACCEPTING THE MATCH,
WUN CLOO IS WORKING
WHEN...



HA! THIS IS BIG DAY—
I GET WRESTLING
CONTRACT AND DEATH
CERTIFICATE
ALL AT
ONCE!



AND IN THIS CORNAR...



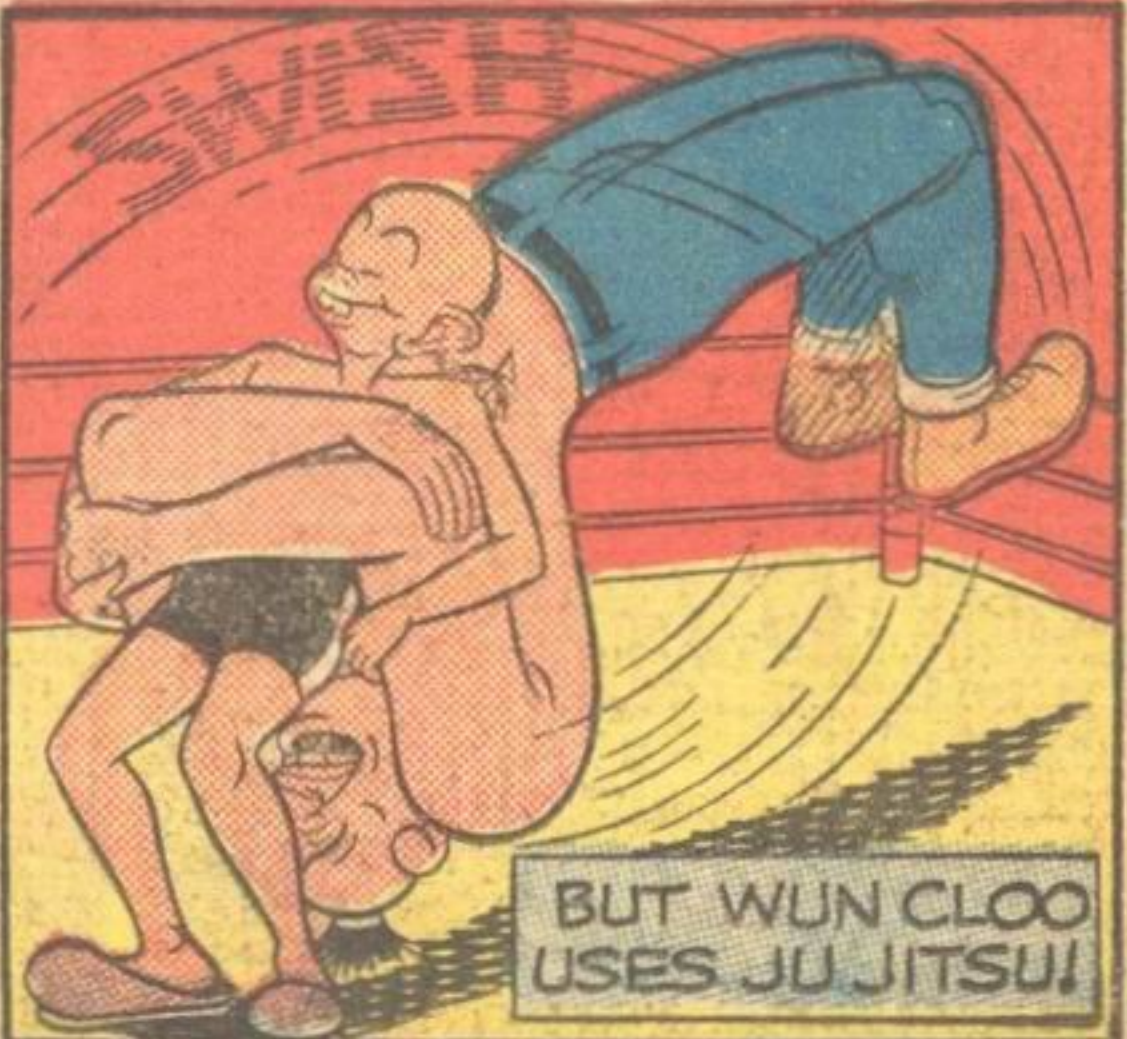
HA! MOUNTAIN
ON WAY—TO
COMMIT
SUICIDE!



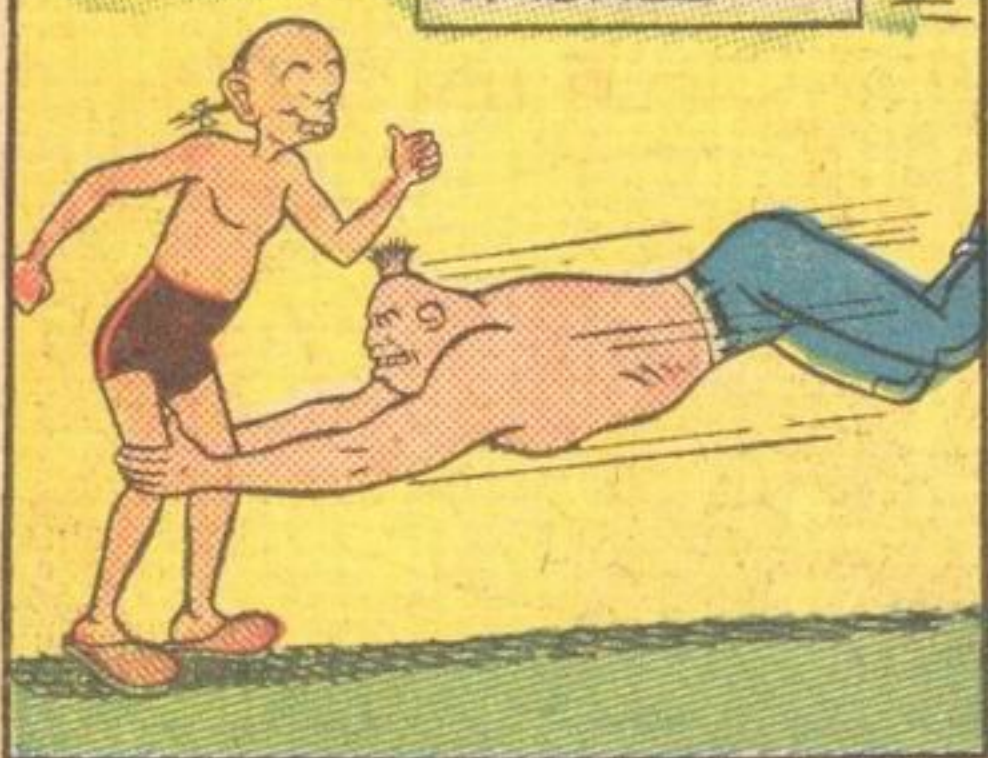
AND GRASPS
HIM AROUND
THE BODY--



BUT WUN CLOO
USES JU JITSU!

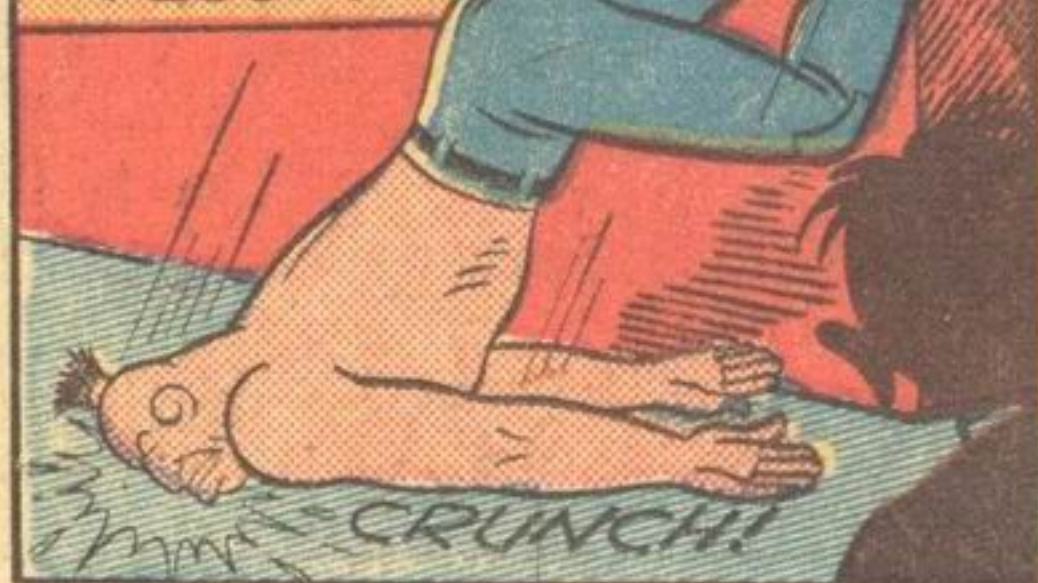


STUNNED, THE GIANT GETS CARELESS AND ATTEMPTS A FLYING TACKLE--



-BUT WUN CLOO LEAPS INTO THE AIR AND THE CHAMP MISSES-

-MUGWA HURTTLES OUT OF THE RING ON-TO THE CONCRETE FLOOR!



WUN CLOO IS DECLARED THE WINNER WHEN MUGWA FAILS TO RETURN TO THE RING!!

OUR HERO HAS RECEIVED THE PRIZE MONEY AND IS LEAVING THE ARENA BY A BACK DOOR...

KEEP WALKING, AND GET INTO THAT CAR BY THE CURB!

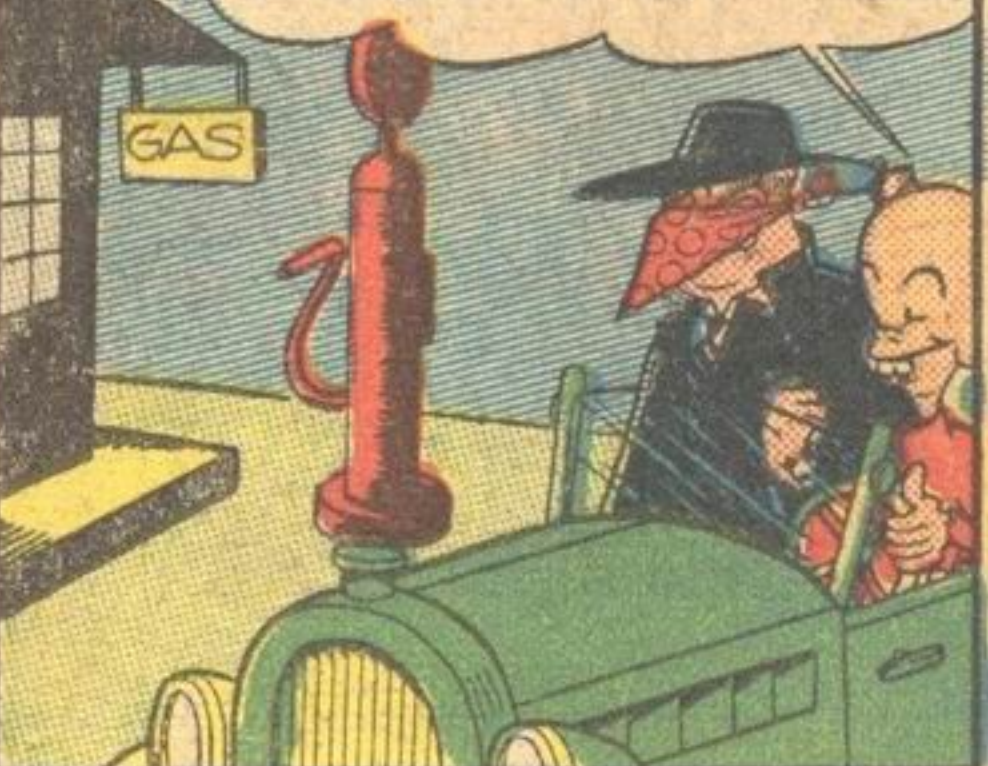


NOW-YOU CAN DRIVE TO A SPOT WHERE YOU WOULD LIKE TO DIE!



NOW-GIVE UP? OR WILL I DROP THIS LIGHTED MATCH INTO THIS GASOLINE PUDDLE!

YOU CAN END MY HUMBLE CAREER IN BACK OF THIS GASOLINE STATION!



AS WUN CLOO GETS OUT, HE PUSHES THE LEVER THAT LIFTS THE HYDRAULIC HOIST, OVER WHICH HE HAS STOPPED THE CAR!

HURRY UP!



NO! NO! NOT THAT! I GIVE UP!

AH SO! DROP GUN AND I'LL LET YOU DOWN!



NOW, TO REMOVE MASK! WHY?? YOU'RE THE MEMBER OF THE TOWN COUNCIL THAT ASKED ME TO WRESTLE! HOW COME?



W-WELL, I'M R-REALY THE MANAGER OF THE CHAMP-AND WHEN YOU WERE PICKED TO WRESTLE HIM I SENT THAT THREATENING NOTE TO SCARE YOU OUT OF BEATING HIM-AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE THAT \$100,000!



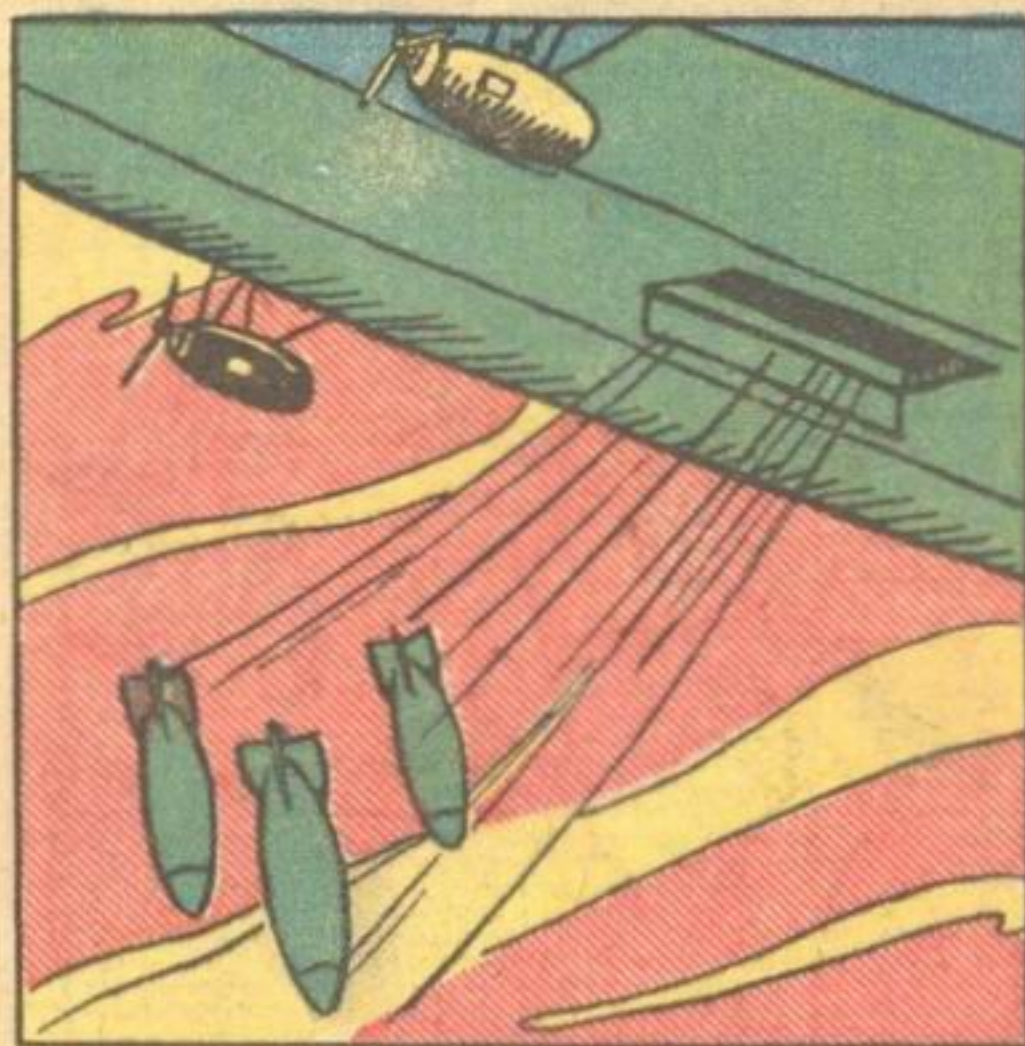


WINGS WENDALL

OF THE
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON HENKEL

BREAKING THROUGH THE MIST OF EARLY DAWN, A STRANGE DIRIGIBLE HOVERS OVER THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.



AS HE COMES IN FOR A LANDING, A CAR RACES ACROSS THE FIELD.....



THAT CAR ALMOST MADE ME CRACK UP!



HEY YOU!

LET GO OF ME, YOU BIG LUG!

OH! A GIRL!

I'M JEAN DRAKE, REPORTER, HERE TO COVER THE EXPLOSION!

WELL, YOU CAN'T COVER IT BY WRECKING AN ARMY PLANE!

ARMY PLANE? ARE YOU AN OFFICER?

I AM!

THE REASON I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY WAS TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE DIRIGIBLE!

WHAT DIRIGIBLE?

I SAW ONE ABOUT 75 MILES FROM HERE WHILE I WAS DRIVING HOME!

THAT'S IT! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THE DAM COULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED, BUT THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!

LATER: SCREAMING EXTRAS HIT THE STREET.



I GAVE YOU THE TIP ABOUT THAT "ZEP". IF YOU GET ANY LEADS DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME, MISTER!

O.K. JEAN!



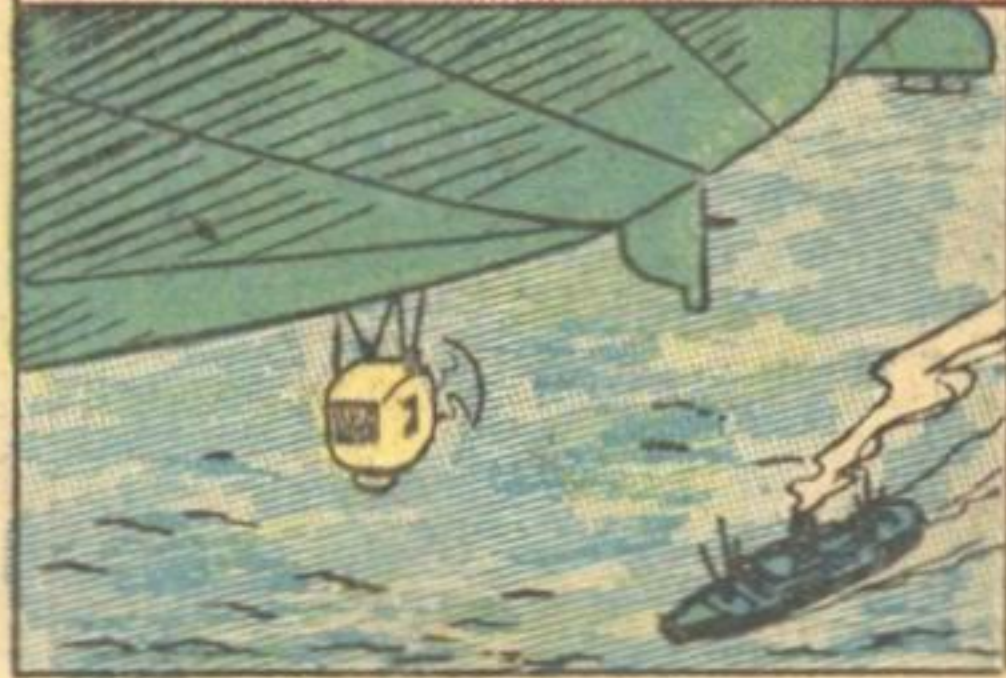
A STEAMER LADEN WITH MUNITIONS PLOWS THROUGH THE NORTH ATLANTIC, BOUND FOR WAR-TORN EUROPE ...



LISTEN !
SOUNDS LIKE
MOTORS !!



SUDDENLY THE HUGE FORM OF THE PIRATE ZEPPELIN LOOMS DIRECTLY OVER THE FREIGHTER ...



BOMBING US !!
SEND S.O.S. !



FRANTICALLY THE RADIO MAN SENDS OUT HIS CALL.



ACH ! THAT
LOAD OF WAR
SUPPLIES WILL NEVER
REACH OUR ENEMY !



CHIEF ! THIS JUST
CAME IN - MIGHT
BE IMPORTANT !



THE CALL IS PICKED UP BY
A SHORE STATION

WHAT'S
UP ?

THEY'VE
STRUCK AGAIN !!



..AND RELAYED TO CAPTAIN
WENDALL.

LISTEN, I'M BUSY !
TELL YOU ABOUT IT
WHEN I GET BACK !



WHAT WAS THE POSITION
OF THAT SHIP ?



IF ANYTHING BREAKS
I'M GOING
TO BE
THERE !





ALL
CLEAR ?



IF MY HUNCH IS
RIGHT I CAN HEAD
THAT AIR SHIP OFF !



HELLO !

WHAT
TH' ?



STOWAWAY, EH ?
WELL, I'M TAKING
YOU BACK !

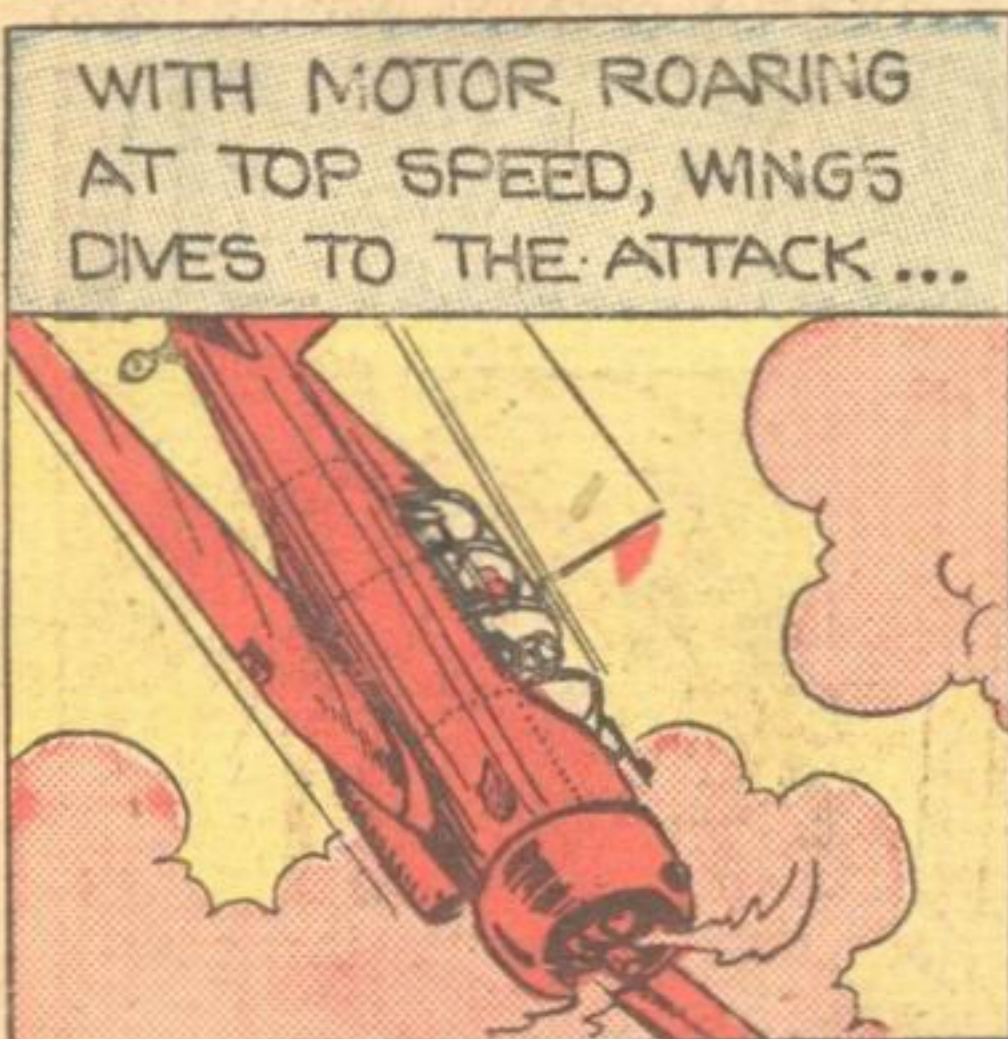


AREN'T YOU FORGETTING
WHAT YOU CAME FOR ?

THE
DIRIGIBLE !!



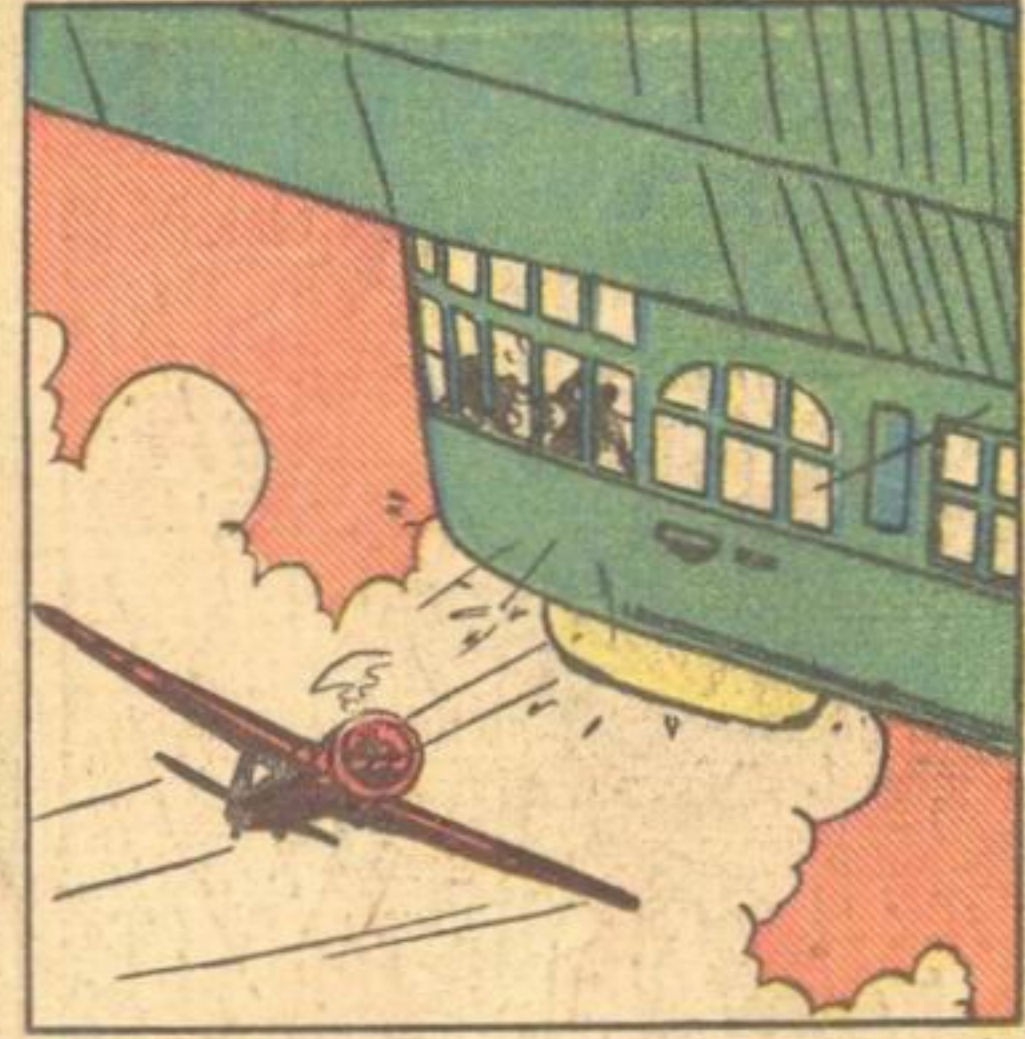
THERE'S A 'CHUTE
BACK THERE - PUT
IT ON !



WITH MOTOR ROARING
AT TOP SPEED, WINGS
DIVES TO THE ATTACK ...



AIRPLANE !
BREAK OUT
THE GUNS !!



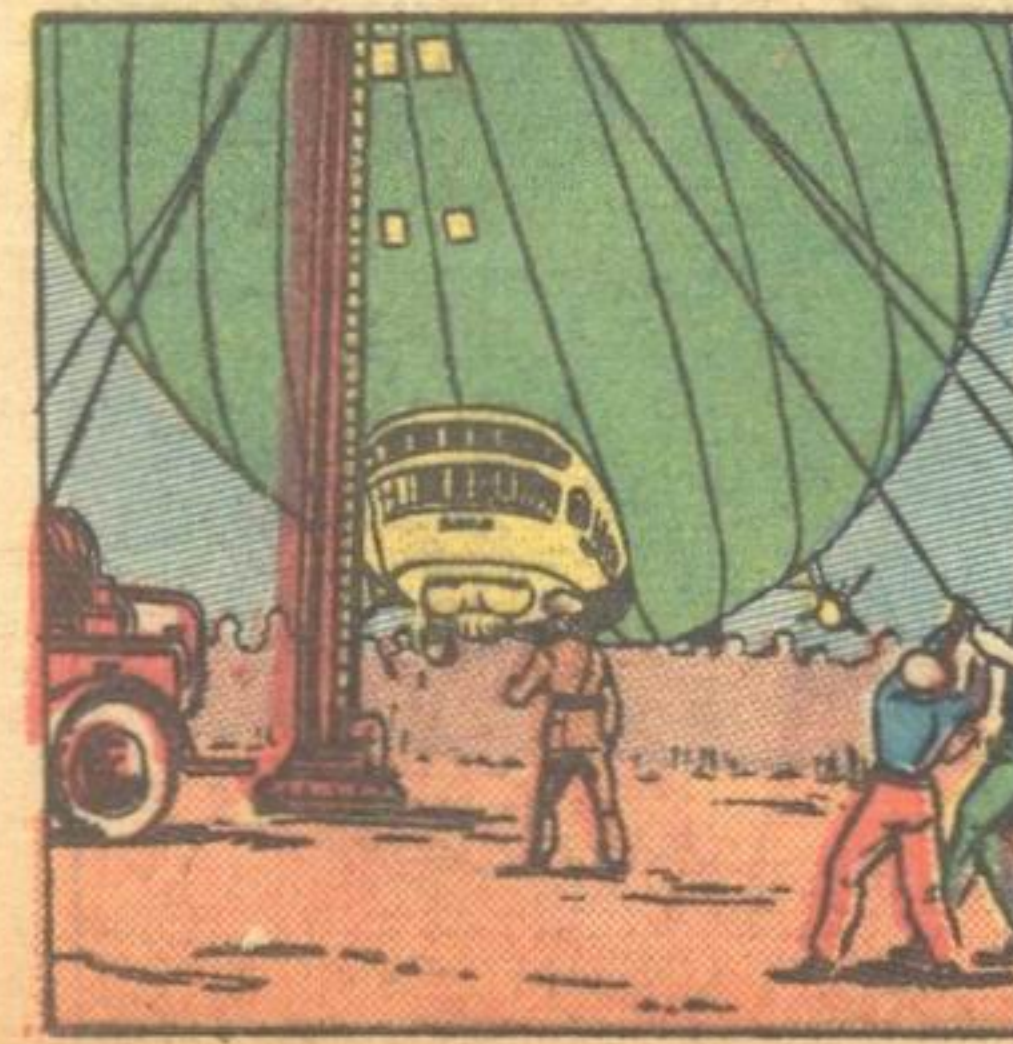
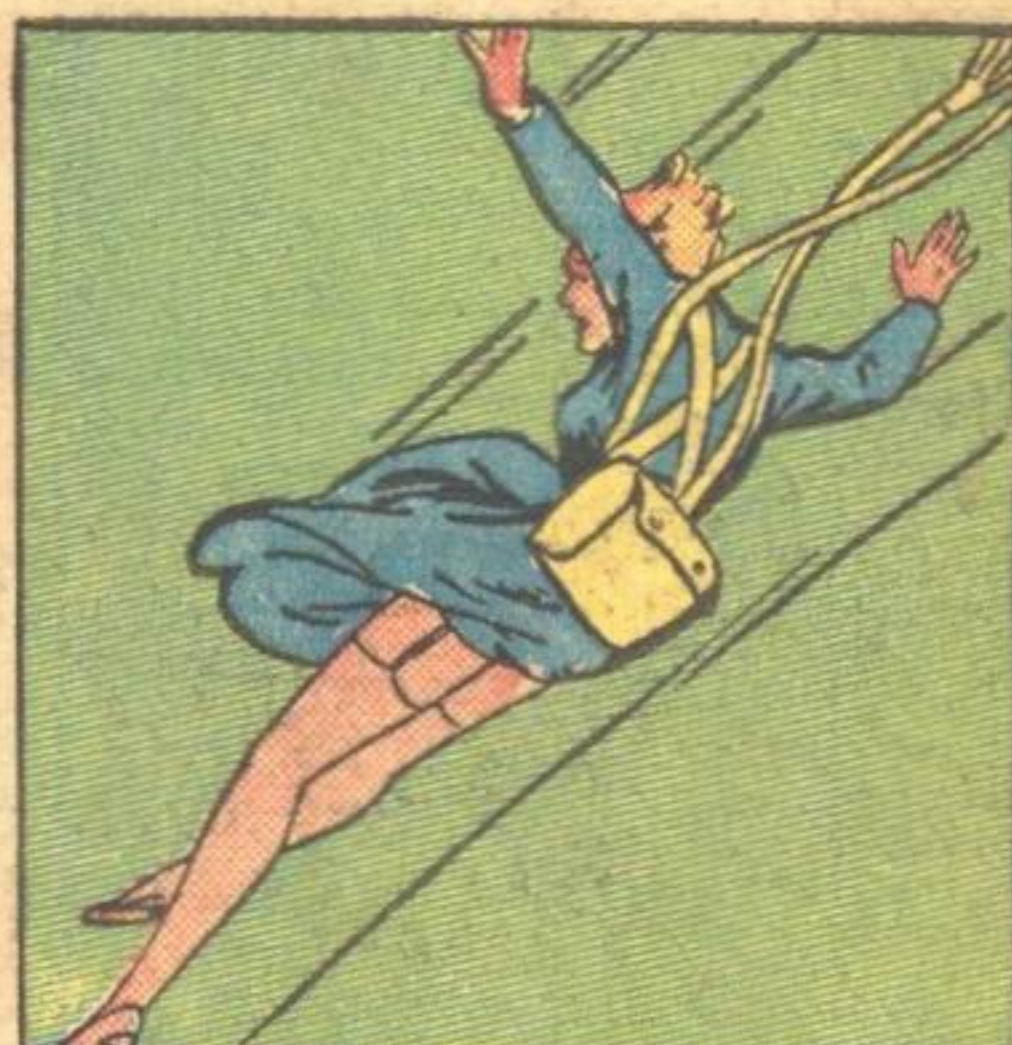
HURRAH
ARMY !!



AS WENDALL ZOOMS AROUND
THE DIRIGIBLE, GUN CREWS
OPEN UP !



THEY GOT
THE ENGINE !



LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA...

"B" FLIGHT
ALL CLEAR FOR
TAKE-OFF !

A HUNDRED PLANES
IN THE AIR AND
STILL NO TRACE OF
THAT DIRIGIBLE !

THEY ARE MAKING FOOLS
OF OUR AIR DEFENSE -
I WANT ACTION !

MAJOR, I WANT
YOUR PERMISSION TO
FLY A LONE PATROL !

A LONE PATROL ??
WHAT COULD ONE MAN
DO AGAINST AN
ARMED ZEPPELIN,
WENDALL ?

THEN
YOU
REFUSE ?

NO !! DO AS
YOU WISH, BUT
GET THAT
DIRIGIBLE!

SERGEANT, LOAD MY
GUNS WITH
INCENDIARY
BULLETS !

WINGS!

OH ! YOU AGAIN ?
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU
STAY HERE !

I JUST
WANTED
TO --

THAT GIRL IS
A PEST ! BUT
----NOT BAD !

ATTENTION PILOTS !!
DIRIGIBLE SIGHTED MOVING
TOWARD ATLAS ARMS
COMPANY !

